

XX(A) Swedes

SCANDIA

345 Sutter St.

San Francisco

Scandia is the newest of the Swedish restaurants in San Francisco. The large main dining-room is light and spacious. The walls are hung with the handwoven hangings of peasant design and in lovely bright colors. There is also a smaller dining-room and a bar. On the walls hand reproductions of the famous Swedish artists-Auders Zorn and Karl Larson and along the stairway are painted water scenes from Stockholm, and on entering there is a large painting of the waterfront showing the ferry building tower.

In the main dining-room here the place of honor is also taken by the Smorgasbord. It occupies the center of the room and is decorated in gold and blue. These are the Swedish colors. The yellow plates stacked at one end of the roomy table look large enough to hold a generous helping to each of the salads, herring and dill omelets, cucumbers and radishes, rolled-sardines, etc. which are arranged artistically on their respective platters around the table. Here one goes again from one tempting dish to the next and returns to his own table practically loaded down with food.

Scandia is the official luncheon place of the Swedish Klub. This is an organization of professional men and one of the leading Swedish clubs of San Francisco. Here at Scandia they meet regularly on Thursdays for their luncheon and general "get-together." They also entertain out of town guests on these occasions. When the club meets they revive many of the old customs pertaining to eating and drinking. They have special

Skan
songs which they sing at the table and here they are able to get their particular favorite dish prepared in the same way as in the old country no matter how simple or different the dish may be. The Swedes in San Francisco take full advantage of this opportunity. At times they eat their favorite dish with a reverence and awe which is almost a ritual.

BIT OF SWEDEN

560 Sutter St.
San Francisco

One of the celebrated "foreign" spots of San Francisco is the Swedish restaurant "Bit of Sweden" at 560 Sutter St. As one goes up the spacious stairway the first thing that strikes the eye is the emblem showing the mighty Viking with shield and horns standing before his dragon ship. He holds in his upraised hand the mead horn, as he drinks to a successful venture over the briny deep. Gone are the days of the Norsemen who sailed from the icy waters of the north to sunnier climes, even as far as the Mediterranean but their toast of good cheer lives on forever: Skal! It really means skull, as the Viking drinking cups were made of the skulls of their enemies. The real wish behind Skal is- "this is to you, to life and love, to fun and friendship." This is the welcome to "Bit of Sweden."

We enter and hear the cheery crackling of the logs in the spacious fireplace in the next room. Guests are sitting in the comfortable armchairs drawn up around the fire. Among these, in all probability there may be an illustrious guest from the old country or any one of the Scandinavian actors from Hollywood.

But the main attraction of the large dining-room which we enter is the large table standing in the middle of the floor with its white linen and silver sparkling and fairly groaning under its weight of delicacies. This is the famed Smorgasbrod of the Swedes and all Scandinavians. It is difficult to believe that this is merely an appetizer for the "real meal" which is to follow. The Swedes still maintain that the soup, fish and meat course is the body and soul of the meal and the Smorgasbrod is merely the foam on the wave not the wave itself. But as one begins to partake of the assortment and

variety which lies before one, and each one helps himself to whatever he desires and whatever amount he wishes, you begin to wonder just how you will be able to enjoy the regular meal.

I'll leave you drooling over the pickled pigs feet, the imported Swedish sausages, salads, and "inlagd-sill" (pickled herring) on the Smorgasbrod and go on to the mainstay of the meal.

After the Smorgasbrod where you have also improved your appetite by a Schnapps or a cocktail, after their Schnapps the Swedes like a chaser of beer or ale, you sit down to the soup and the proper companion to this is a large glass of wine, or, if you feel "on top" you may enjoy a glass of sparkling champagne. You have your choice of either the French or California wines.

After dinner a good plan is to adopt the century old custom and ask for "Kaffe med Punch" -small black coffee with the delicious imported Swedish punch.

The Swedes find in their Skals and Smorgasbrod a good way to brighten their lives. It gives them happiness and gayety through this way of feasting. As you sit in the smaller private dining-room of this Swedish restaurant, with the gay landscapes of Sweden painted on the walls, you feel under the spell of a mellow and old civilization where the simple but good things of life have not been neglected.

But reality and different customs await one outside, and you are reminded that it is time to leave this cheerful spot as you glance at the old-fashioned peasant clock across the room.

As one leaves the friendly atmosphere the parting Skal and Smorgasbord make your heart warm, and your arm strong, and keep you to enjoy many tomorrows.

SWEDISH FOLKLORE

The Mouse, the Bird, and the Sausage.

There was once upon a time a mouse, a bird, and a sausage who took it into their heads to keep house together. They managed to live for a long time very comfortably and happily, and also added a great deal to their store so that they became very rich.

It was the bird's business to fly every day into the forest and bring wood; the mouse had to carry the water, make the fire, and lay the cloth for dinner; but the sausage was the cook to the household.

It happened that one day the bird of the household met with one of his friends, to whom he boasted of his good plight. But the other bird laughed at him for being a poor fool, who worked hard while the two at home had an easy job of it: for when the mouse had made her fire and fetched the water, she went and laid down in her own little room till she was called to lay the cloth; and the sausage sat by the pot and had nothing to do but to see that the food was well cooked; when it was meal time, all he had to do was to butter and salt it, and get it ready to eat, which he could do in a minute.

The bird of the household flew home, deposited his burden of wood on the ground and they all three sat down to a good meal. But the bird, after having listened to his friend in the forest, was not satisfied.

The next day the bird refused to fly into the forest for wood. He told the mouse and the sausage that he had waited on them long enough and he was not going to be made a fool of any longer; they should change about and take their turns at the work.

So they cast lots and it fell upon the sausage to fetch the wood, the mouse was to be cook, and the bird was to bring water.

The sausage set out towards the wood, the little bird made a fire

the mouse set on the pot and waited for the sausage to come home and bring wood for the next day. But the sausage kept away so long that they both thought that something must have happened to him, so the bird flew out a little way to look for him; not far off he found a dog on the road, who said he met with the poor little sausage, had taken him for fair prey and eaten him. The bird charged the dog with robbery and murder but words were of no use. The little bird took up the wood very sorrowfully and went home and told of what he had seen and heard. The mouse and he were very much grieved but agreed to do their best and stick together.

The bird undertook to spread the table, and the mouse got the dinner ready, but when she went to dish it up, she fell into the pot and was drowned. When the bird came into the kitchen and wanted the dinner to put on the table, the cook was not to be seen; he threw the wood about here and there and called and looked on all sides, but he couldn't find the cook. Meantime the fire fell upon the wood and set it on fire, the bird hastened away to get the water, but his bucket fell into the well and he after it. So ends the story of the family.

Moral: Each one should stick to his proper work.

Swedish children also hear versions of "Snow-White," "Tom Thumb," "The Sleeping Beauty," and stories of giants and dwarfs.

SWEDISH FOLK-LORE

The Mouse, the Bird and the Sausage

There was once upon a time a mouse, a bird and a sausage who took it into their heads to keep house together. They managed to live for a long time very comfortably and happily and also added a great deal to their store so that they became very rich.

It was the bird's business to fly every day into the forest and bring wood; the mouse had to carry the water, make the fire, and lay the cloth for dinner; but the sausage was the cook to the household,

It happened that one day the bird of the household met with one of his friends to whom he boasted of his good plight. But the other bird laughed at him for being a poor fool, who worked hard while the two at home had an easy job of it: for when the mouse had made her fire and fetched the water, she went and laid down in her own little room till she was called to lay the cloth; and the sausage sat by the pot and had nothing to do but to see that the food was well cooked; when it was meal time, all he had to do butter and salt it, and get it ready to eat which he could do in a minute.

The bird of the household flew home, deposited his burden of wood on the ground and they all three sat down to a good meal. But the bird, after having listened to his friend in the forest, was not satisfied.

The next day the bird refused to fly into the forest for wood. He told the mouse and the sausage that he had waited on them long enough and he was not going to be made a fool of any longer; they should change about and take their turns at the work.

So they cast lots and it fell upon the sausage to fetch the wood, the mouse was to be cook, and the bird was to bring water.

The sausage set out towards the wood, the little bird made a fire

the mouse set on the pot and waited for the sausage to come home and bring wood for the next day. But the sausage kept away so long that they both thought that something must have happened to him; so the bird flew out a little way to look for him; not far off he found a dog on the road, who said he met with the poor little sausage, had taken him for fair prey and eaten him. The bird charged the dog with robbery and murder but words were of no use. The little bird took up the wood very sorrowfully and went home and told of what he had seen and heard. The mouse and he were very much grieved but agreed to do their best and stick together.

The bird undertook to spread the table, and the mouse got the dinner ready, but when she went to dish it up, she fell into the pot and was drowned. When the bird came into the kitchen and wanted the dinner to put on the table, the cook was not to be seen; he threw the wood about here and there and called and looked on all sides, but he couldn't find the cook. Meantime the fire fell upon the wood and set it on fire the bird hastened away to get the water. but his bucket fell into the well and he after it. So ends the story of the family.

Moral: Each one should stick to their proper work.

Swedish children also hear versions of "Snow-White" "Tom Thumb" "The Sleeping Beauty" and stories of Giants and Dwarfs.

SWEDISH FOLKLORE

Once upon a time there was a man so surly and cross that he never thought his wife ever did anything right in the house. During haymaking time he came home one evening scolding and swearing.

"Don't be so angry," said his wife, "Tomorrow we'll change our work. I'll go out in the fields to work, and you shall mind the house at home."

The husband was quite willing and he thought it would do very well.

Early the next morning the wife took a scythe over her shoulder and went out to the hayfield with the mowers. The man was to mind the house and do the work at home.

First of all he had to churn the butter, but in a little while he got thirsty and went down to the cellar to get a drink of ale. Just as he was putting the tap into the barrel, he heard overhead the pig come into the kitchen. So with the tap in his hand he ran up the cellar steps, as fast as he could to see that the pig didn't upset the churn. When he got up into the kitchen and saw that the pig had already knocked the churn over, and stood there rooting and grunting in the cream, which was running all over the floor, he ran at the pig as hard as he could and kicked the pig out of the kitchen. By the time he remembered having the tap out of the ale barrel in his hand and before he could get down to the cellar again, every drop of ale had run out of the cask.

Then he went into the dairy and found enough cream to fill the churn again, for they must have butter for dinner. When he had churned a bit, he remembered that his milk cow was still shut up in the barn and hadn't had a bit to eat or a drop to drink all morning although the sun was high. Then he thought it was too far to take her down to the meadow, so he would just get her up on the house top, the house was thatched with sod and a



fine crop of grass was growing there. The house was close to a hill so that he thought if he laid a plank across from the hill to the roof he could easily get the cow up. But still he couldn't leave the churn for his small child was crawling around on the kitchen floor and might upset it. So he took the churn on his back and went out with it, but then he thought he'd better first water the cow before he turned her out on the roof, so he took up a bucket to draw water out of the well; but as he stooped down by the well, all the cream ran out of the churn over his shoulders, and so down into the well.

Now it was near dinner-time, and he hadn't even got the butter yet, so he thought he'd best boil the porridge, and so he filled the pot with water and hung it over the fire. When he had done that he thought the cow might perhaps fall off the thatch and break her legs or her neck. So he got up on the house to tie her up. One end of the rope he made fast to the cow's neck and the other he slipped down the chimney and tied round his own thigh; and he had to make haste, for the water now began to boil in the pot, and he still had to grind the oatmeal.

So he began to grind away; but while he was hard at it, down fell the cow from off the house-top, and as she fell, she dragged the man up the chimney by the rope. There he stuck fast; and as for the cow, she hung halfway down the wall, she could neither get down or up.

The wife had waited a long time for her husband to come and call them home to dinner. At last she thought she'd waited long enough, and went home. When she got there and saw the cow hanging half-way down the wall of the house she ran and cut the rope in two with her scythe. But, as she did this, down came her husband out of the chimney, and so, when the wife came inside the kitchen, there she found him standing on his head in the porridge pot.

Once upon a time there was a man so surly and cross and he never thought that his wife ever did anything right in the house. During Haymaking time he came home one evening scolding and swearing.

"Don't be so angry," said his wife; "Tomorrow we'll change our work. I'll go out in the fields to work, and you shall mind the house at home."

The husband was quite willing and he thought it would do very well.

Early the next morning the wife took a scythe over her shoulder and went out to the hayfield with the mowers. The man was to mind the house and do the work at home.

First of all he had to churn the butter but in a little while, he got thirsty and went down to the cellar to get a drink of ale. Just as he was putting the tap into the barrel, he heard overhead the pig come into the kitchen. So with the tap in his hand he ran up the cellar steps as fast as he could to see that the pig didn't upset the churn. When he got up into the kitchen and saw that the pig had already knocked the churn over, and stood there, routing and grunting in the cream which was running all over the floor. He ran at the pig as hard as he could and kicked the pig out of the kitchen. By the time he remembered having the tap out of the ale barrel in his hand and before he could get down to the cellar again, every drop of ale had run out of the cask.

Then he went into the dairy and found enough cream to fill the churn again, for they must have butter for dinner. When he had churned a bit, he remembered that his milk cow was still shut up in the barn and hadn't had a bit to eat or a drop to drink all morning although the sun was high. Then he thought it was too far to take her down to the meadow, so he would just get her up on the house top, the house

was thatched with sod and a fine crop of grass was growing there. The house was close to a hill so that he thought if he laid a plank across from the hill to the roof he could easily get the cow up. But still he couldn't leave the churn for his small child was crawling around on the kitchen floor and might upset it. So he took the churn on his back and went out with it, but then he thought he'd better first water the cow before he turned her out on the roof, so he took up a bucket to draw water out of the well; but as he stooped down by the well, all the cream ran out of the churn over his shoulders, and so down into the well.

Now it was near dinner-time, and he hadn't even got the butter yet, so he thought he'd best boil the porridge, and so he filled the pot with water and hung it over the fire. When he had done that he thought the cow might perhaps fall off the thatch and break her legs or her neck. So he got up on the house to tie her up. One end of the rope he made fast to the cow's neck and the other he slipped down the chimney and tied round his own thigh; and he had to make haste, for the water now began to boil in the pot, and he till had to grind the oatmeal.

So he began to grind away; but while he was hard at it, down fell the cow from off the house-top, and as she fell, she dragged the man up the chimney by the rope. There he stuck fast; and as for the cow, she hung halfway down the wall, she could neither get down or up.

The wife had waited a long time for her husband to come and call them home to dinner. At last she thought she'd waited long enough, and went home. When she got there and saw the cow hanging half-way down the wall of the house she ran and cut the rope in two with her scythe. But, as she did this, down came her husband out of the chimney, and so, when the wife came inside the kitchen, there she found him standing on his head in the porridge pot.

The Man, the Bear, and the Trolls.

Once upon a time there was a man who had caught a huge white bear which he was going to take to the King. It was Christmas eve and he had come all the way from the Finnmark with the bear. He stopped at a cottage and asked the man of the house if he could get house room there for the bear and himself.

"We can't give anyone lodging just now", said the man, "for every Christmas eve such a pack of Trolls come down upon us, that we are forced to move, and haven't so much as a house over our own heads, to say nothing of lending one to anyone else."

"Oh! If that's all", said the man, "you can very well give me house room; my bear can lie under the stove, and I can sleep in the next room."

At last he got leave to stay there and the people of the house moved out. But before they went everything was got ready for the Trolls. The table was set and there was rice-porridge, and fish boiled in lye, and sausages, and all else that was good. It was a grand feast set out for the Trolls.

When everything was ready, down came the Trolls. Some were big and some were small; some had tails and long noses, and some had huge ears and no tails. They ate and drank and tasted everything. Just then one of the little Trolls caught sight of the white bear, who lay under the stove, so he took a piece of sausage and poked it up against the bear's nose.

"Pussy, will you have some sausage?" he screamed at the bear.

Then the white bear rose up and growled and chased the whole pack of Trolls out of doors.

Next year the man who owned the cottage was out in the wood, on the afternoon of Christmas eve. He was preparing for the holidays for he thought the Trolls would come again. Just as he was hard at work, he heard a voice calling his name. When he answered the voice said:

"Have you got your big cat with you still?"

"Yes, I have," replied the man, "she is lying at home under the stove now, and what's more, she has seven kittens, bigger and fiercer than herself."

"Oh! Then we'll never come to see you again," shrieked the Troll as it ran away into the wood. And from that time the Trolls never came to disturb the family again.

THE SWEDES IN SAN FRANCISCO

According to the 1930 census there are 7,000 Swedes in San Francisco; in Oakland there are 3,000.

Statistics show that the 3,000 Swedes in Oakland have as many children as the whole 7,000 group in San Francisco.

In the bay district, including San Francisco, Oakland, and Berkeley there are: 11,201 Swedes, 7,450 Norwegians, 3,551 Danes.

The proportion of the Swedes to the foreign born population in California is 5.2 percent.

A Swedish newspaper is published in San Francisco at 253 Church St.

Although the Swedes are somewhat scattered around the city there is a Swedish colony at 16th and Market Sts. and thereabouts. They have their own clubhouse which is called the "Swedish House" at 2174 Market St. Here they hold many of their club and lodge meetings and entertainments. There is a library in the "Swedish House" and quite a collection of Swedish books, but the intellectual side is largely subordinated to other interests.

There are several Swedish churches in the city with a large membership.

One of the oldest Swedish clubs is the Svenska Sallskapet. This club was formerly the Swedish singing society "Svea", which was organized in 1873.

Swedish singing societies have been and still are numerous. They have played an important part in the social and cultural life of the group and more than any other kind of association have received the support and enthusiasm of the people.

Literary clubs have been started but none has continued its existence for any length of time.

There has been and still is an interest in dramatics among the Swedes in San Francisco. Fifty years ago, some of the "old timers" tell about the success of Swedish plays that were given at the time.

Temperance societies have had quite a prominent part in the activities of the Swedes on the west coast as well as elsewhere.

About 40 years ago a Swedish Gymnastic Club was organized in San Francisco but the interest soon dwindled.

The Swedish-American Political Club was organized 45 years ago. The club selects and recommends a ticket for election. In the past it has favored the Republican party. The members are free to discuss any political questions or any candidates.

The Swedish Club, Svenska Clubben, of San Francisco was founded in 1914. Their clubroom and headquarters is at the Fielding Hotel. The club has a large clubhouse in "Sveadal" which is located a few miles from San Francisco. The Swedish Club is made up of professional and business men. It is the "society" club of the Swedes.

The Swedish Lodge "Odin" of the order of Odd Fellows is the largest in the state. The Swedish language was used exclusively in the transactions of the Lodge up to a few years ago when the American Grand Lodge decided that English should be the official language of all its lodges. This does not interfere with the use of the Swedish language at social functions and at literary and musical programs.

As early as 1850 the first Scandinavian sick-benefit society was organized in San Francisco by a group of interested Scandinavians. It flourished from the start and had for many years a successful career. There was, however, a great deal of rivalry regarding the leadership of the organization. There were nationalistic considerations involved inasmuch as the membership was composed of the three national groups, Swedish, Norwegian and Danish. It was the practice to rotate the office of president between the three national groups according to a fixed rule. When Christina Nilson visited San Francisco in 1870, the society arranged a grand reception in her honor at the fashionable Palace Hotel.

In 1874 was founded a Scandinavian Old People's Home. This enterprise was the first in the nature of benevolent institutions among the Swedes in California. This home still exists but it has been taken over by a group of American women and was opened as a home for old people of all nationalities.

The Swedish Relief Society of San Francisco is almost 50 years old.

The Swedish women are as active as the men in club and lodge associations. The Swedish Ladies Society in San Francisco was organized in 1895 and has had a very successful career and its social functions are among the most popular. A Christmas festival is held each year under its auspices with an attendance of 1000 adults and about 250 children. At these festivals the Swedish Christmas spirit prevails and the customs of the fatherland are observed.

The women have also organized children's clubs in San Francisco, Oakland and Berkeley. In these clubs the American-born children of Swedish parents are taught the Swedish Language. The children give all Swedish programs of singing, recitations, music and dancing and dramatics.

The first national festivity of note among the Swedes of California, was the celebration of "Swedish Day", May 14, 1894, at the San Francisco Exposition. This was the first occasion when unified action and effort on the part of the Swedes here brought them distinction and commendation. The success of this celebration at the Exposition and the realization of what could be accomplished by united action led to the formation of the Swedish-American Patriotic League. During the Exposition of 1915 this League was very active in organizing a World's Fair Committee of 50 members who gathered in over \$20,000 of which \$10,000 went to support the Swedish official building at the Fair. The committee worked for four years and it was the only time that the government of Sweden has officially cooperated with an organization of this kind in a foreign country.

For the preservation and the promotion of Swedish culture, language and literature, a united action is now taken by the Swedes wherever a larger number of them reside. The usual method of procedure is to organize a central organization of delegates from the various lodges, societies and churches. The Swedish Cultural Association which operates on a nation-wide scope is the more recent outgrowth of these interests.

The Swedish Patriotic League has for over forty years carried on work along similar lines in San Francisco and nearby cities. It arranges a Mid-Summer festival each year, which is undoubtedly the best planned festivity of its kind among the Swedes in America. This Mid-Summer festival is the largest and most important celebration that the Swedes have.

The Swedes celebrate Gustaf Adolf's Day both here in America and in Sweden. Appropriate programs are arranged by Swedish clubs and churches throughout the county for the hero-king. The collections, donations etc. on this day are given to help different Swedish-American charities. This

day is celebrated on or around November 6.

The church group is well represented among the Swedes.

There are two Swedish Lutheran Churches in the city. The oldest Swedish Church organization here is the Swedish Lutheran Ebenezer Church at 15th and Dolores Steets. It was founded in 1886. At the time of the big fire and earthquake the new church building had just been completed. They say that it was saved from being dynamited through the efforts of the pastor at the time. He and one or two others of the congregation climbed up into the church spire and refused to come down. As the regulations were such that no building was to be razed where it would entail the loss of life the church was saved.

In San Francisco there is also a Swedish Methodist Church, a Baptist and a Mission Church and the Swedish Salvation Army.

"Sveagard" is a Swedish institution in San Francisco where they teach weaving and show the different home crafts (hem-slojd) of the Scandinavians. Here they have also programs and celebrations where they observe the old customs of their native land.

THE SWEDES

Among the Swedes in San Francisco there is a tendency to organize into smaller groups within the more general organizations. These smaller groups are composed of people from some one particular province or part of Sweden.

These groups have their evenings of getting together when they enjoy the songs, stories, and dances of their particular province. Food is always served and consists of the special dishes from each locality.

"Norrlands Klubben" may serve their sill (herring) and boiled potatoes, food which everyone from the northern and poorer parts of Sweden is familiar with as a daily diet.

The people from Skane are known for their liking of good food and plenty of it. They come from the extreme south of Sweden where the land produces more.

These provincial groupings are probably the closest form of organization, as the ties that hold these groups together are almost as close as those of a family. It gives to each group a feeling of at-homeness which can be had in no other way. Each has its own traditions, dialect, habits, customs, costumes, and beliefs which are quite distinct in each province, against a background of folklore and historical facts that give a distinct connotation to each group. These same distinctions are still alive when the immigrant joins his native group in a foreign land.

Wherever and whenever any of the Swedish groups or organizations meet there is always refreshments and dancing after the program, meeting, or whatever business they may have on hand. The social end of the gathering is never neglected.

There seems to be more of the traditional observances about food and

eating than almost anything else. Here they sing the old tablesongs (bordsanger) that have been sung for generations, and the customs pertaining to drinking are generally observed. There is a great deal of importation of foodstuffs from the old country, as most of the immigrants have a decided preference for the foods that they were used to in their native land.

In the Swedish group fewer and fewer immigrants are coming into the country and a great deal of this "national life" here will disappear. A diminishing of immigration is shown by the fact that so many of the Scandinavian newspapers throughout the country have had to suspend publication for lack of support. The churches, the clubs, and the press have been the main factors in keeping alive the culture and traditions.

In the beginning of the 1870s there were between 3,000 and 4,000 Swedes in San Francisco. They were not in any way organized as a group and there was no national feeling among them. The majority of them felt that the best thing for them to do was to forget their Swedish language and their Swedish customs and become Americans as quickly as possible. At that time there was no Swedish church, no Swedish newspaper and nothing in the way of Swedish clubs or organizations. As a result all of these pioneer Swedes had forgotten their native language and their children hardly knew of their Swedish origin.

It has been solely the later immigrants who have kept the old Swedish customs alive in San Francisco.

I was born in, January 1st, 1861 the oldest of a family of three boys at the age of about 7 my mother passed on leaving 3 boys motherless about 3 years later my father married again. This union was not very pleasant one for us boys, however. My father was good to us and kept us at school all the time up to his death. His following was that of railroading (switchmen) in our town, he was killed while on duty.

In 1880-1881 we were sent for by my uncle and aunt who lived in Wichita Kansas where we arrived in June of that year. While working for my uncle at farming where I stayed about one and half years I managed to go to school as much as possible. I next got a job herding cattle, where I stayed nearly 2 years I then went back to Wichita and got a job in a grocery store with a firm by the name of Israel Bros during the year of 1886 Wichita had big boom in real estate so this firm sold out their grocery. They entered into the real estate business that of subdividers of land and sold home sites and made quite success of it as long as it lasted which was only about 9 months when the boom crashed. I was often sent by this firm to Scott City, Kansas where they had a hardware store, I stayed there until Oct 1888 being employed in all about 3 years with this firm. While in Scott City I presented or proved up 160 acres of government land. This I sold to the firm for \$450 and came out here to S.F. (Oakland first) where I lived nearly 3 years working in a dry goods store and going to business college at night school. In 1892 I left for Nicaragua Central America with a number of others with the intention of going into the coffee raising business. While there I secured about 700 acres of land at 50¢ an acre with the idea of planting as much of it as possible in coffee but discovered it took more money than our lecturer had stated and out of our party of 20, 3 of them succeeded to go through with it. I remained in that country about 11 months when I returned to S.F. where I have been practically ever since.

On my return here I worked and went in the stable business this was I believe I was in that business up to 1898 when I sold out. to

Sought up crude rubber and brought it with me to S.F. and sold it all to
the Rubber Co. for enough profit to pay for my trip. In 1900 I went in the real estate business with Lagrange who was then operating
in Richmond, we were together about 3 years and in 1906 I formed the Burg Bros.
Inc. having then taken my brother in with me in January of that year from the
time we began to operate we made a success our operation was very extensive I
bought the first 12,000 from J. . . . interest for which we paid him 12.
Interest and bonus and in 13 years operation we paid to this man about 3 quarters
of a million dollars, not so bad I don't think and we paid his widow in 1919
\$300,000 cash for their interest. This payment is included in the total.
The stock market in 1927-8-9 and up to the present time killed the real estate
business entirely. Which through bad investment in stock and otherwise broke me.
But when we get back to normal I will wake it again. My 1st paper citizens was
taken out by me in Scott City Kansas in 1886. My second in 1899 before Judge
George H. Bshos of this city.

.

11

7
San Francisco Calif 10/15/34

131

I was born in Eksjö Sweden,
January 19th 1866 the oldest of a family
of three boys, at the age of about 7
my mother passed, leaving 3 boys,
nevertheless, about 2 yrs later my
father married again. This union
was not a very pleasant ^{one} for us
boys, however, Mr. Father was good
to us and kept us at school all the time
up to his death. His following was that
of a Rail Roadman. (Swedishmen) in our
town, he was killed while on duty.

In 1880 or 1881 we were sent for
by my Uncle & Aunt who lived
in ~~Nebraska~~ Wichita, Kansas where
we arrived in June of that year.
While working for Mr. Dunder at
Larvins where I stayed about one
and 1/2 year I managed to go to school
so much as possible. I next got
a job handling cattle, where I stayed
nearly 2 yrs. I then went back to
Wichita and got a job in a grocery
store, with a firm by the name of Israel
Dorr. During the year of 1885 Wichita
had big boom in Real Estate so this
firm sold out their Grocery Store and
entered in the Real Estate business. They
of subdividers of land and sold lots

of some sites - and made great success of
it as long as it lasted which was only
about 9 months when the boom crashed.
I was then sent by this firm to Scott
City, Kansas where they had a hardware
store, I stayed there until Oct. 1888
being employed in all about 3 yrs
with this firm. While in Scott City
I procured 4 or 5000 acres
of Government Land. This I sold
to the firm for \$450. and came out
here to continue success. (Columbia firm)
where I lived nearly 3 yrs working
in a dry goods store and going to
business college at night school.

In 1892 I left for Nicaragua
Central America with a number
of others with the intention of going
into the coffee raising business.
While there I secured about 700
acres of land at 50¢ an acre with
the idea of planting as much of it
as possible in coffee but discovered
it took more money than our
~~lecturers~~ lecturers (that got us started
on this venture) had stated, and out
of our party of 20 - (3) of them succeeded
to go through with it. I remained in
that country about 11 months, when
I return to S.C. where I have been
practically ever since.

3/ On my return here I married
and went in the stable business
This was I think in 1897 or 5 I was
in that business up to 1898 when
I sold out. In 1899 I returned
to Nicaragua with the idea of selling
my land. This I succeeded and with
the money bought us crude Rubber
and brought it with me to L.A. and
sold the same to Bower Rubber Co.
for enough profit to pay for my
trip which lasted about 3 months.
In 1900 I went in the Real Estate
business with Lawrence who was then
operating in Richmond, we were
together about 3 yrs. and in 1906
I formed the Burr Bros Inc.
having taken my brother in with
me in L.A., that year from the
time we began to operate we made
a success our operation was very
extensive. I borrowed the first
\$100,000 from J.H. Patterson for which
we paid him 7% interest & a bonus.
and in 13 yrs operation we paid to
this man about 3 quarters of a million
dollars, not so bad I don't think, and
we paid his widow in 1919. \$300,000
Cash for this interest. This payment is
included in the Total.

4/35

The stock market in 1927-8-9- and
up to the present time, killed the Real Estate
business entirely, which through
bad investment in stock, otherwise
broke me. But when we get back
to normal I will make it again.

My 1st, (later Citizens) was taken
out by me in Scottsbluff, Kansas in
1888. My second in 1899 before Judge
Rev. H. Baker, of this City.

Respectfully Yours

City, C. J. Burr

Rip Van Winkle, amongst the Catskills, slept for twenty years,

"For he couldn't get along with his Dear Wife-It so appears

" They used to fight-- Both Day and Night!

One day Rippy's wife got sore- And kicked him out the door;

"She said to Rip 'You cannot play in my back yard no more.'

" She told him he could take his clothes and GO! "

Thus goes the old song, and Rip Van Winkle's fame has spread over land and sea as his saga has been sung for these many years. He dodged cares and escaped from worries, did Rippy, and so of course he endeared himself to those on whom cares weigh most heavily.

Still, just as fanciful as Rippy's, is the true story of a San Francisco man, Albert Eberhard, now 80 years old, who has been "asleep" as far as our world is concerned for more than 30 years and doesn't like the awaking.

I talked with this modern Rip Van Winkle and drank beer with him and I watched him dodging autos and street cars. After listening to his story, I am not sure but that Rip is right and that present day civilization, with its speeding up of life and its insatiable desire for newer and more thrilling sensations is sometimes more difficult to get along with than was the life of the man in the song.

When this hardy California adventurer "stuck" \$1000 or so in a San Francisco bank more than 30 years ago, he didn't want to do it. When he was offered it back with enormous interest, he did not want to take it. When he departed from his loved surroundings in 1896 he hated to leave San Francisco because he thought the city by the Golden Gate was such a dazzling, glorious place in which to see and do things. When he returned after a decade and a half, he didn't want to remain. He said the town was too wicked and the temptations here too alluring and dangerous.

His thousand dollars had grown to nearly \$8,000 in his absence. The

Sweden

At the age of twenty I was ready to leave my native land. I was going to America. I had heard so much of this wonderful country and of the golden opportunities to be found here. I also thought of how different everything would be in outlook and environment.

It was hard to leave my parents and all my brothers and sisters. Underneath my obstreperousness I had a deep devotion for my home and my seething actions were not mean or debased. My feelings were as true and fine as those who were quiet and submissive on the outside but rebellious (revolting) from within. At least everything that I did was in the open. The parting from my family was the first real, sad experience of my life. In going so far away the chances were that I would never see them again. But I was adventurous enough to enjoy the idea of a new and entirely different environment. Several of my personal friends and school-mates were already in America. They wrote letters home telling how wonderful everything was over here and how fine they were getting along. I was the first one in our family to break away. So many families were split up; at least one out of the family had left for America. I decided to go to Chicago. I had one or two friends there ~~and~~ that I could possibly get in touch with; but that was all.

After a terrible voyage crossing the Atlantic, I finally arrived in America. Our trip on the ocean was so rough that I thought that we must surely go to the bottom. But I didn't

care much whether we did or not I was so sea-sick. When I left the boat on this side I didn't look quite so rosy and plump as when I left home. But I was strong and healthy. I lived through it and it didn't take me long to recuperate. I came over ~~steerage~~ storage. I had a big lunch from home that lasted me during the whole trip over. I still had part of it left when I arrived in Chicago. But it was not very appetizing and I was anxious to try some of the food that was so temptingly displayed along the way. I remember the first tomatoes that I tried to eat. It looked so tempting and perfect. The first bite was a horrible disappointment and it was a long time before I had the courage to try it again. I liked bananas a little better although at first they seemed tasteless and insipid. Gradually I got so that I enjoyed all of the new delicacies. On the farm, in Sweden, we were not accustomed to any variety in our food. In the city, when I was working there was a greater variety to choose from but even in the city the poorer classes could only afford the simplest food for their steady diet. We only had white bread for Christmas and special occasions.

When I arrived in Chicago I immediately got in touch with one of my girl friends from home. She had been here about two years. Through her I got work as a housemaid in a large home. I didn't get much pay but everything looked perfectly grand and promising to me. I had my board and room so that the three or four dollars that I received per week were my own. I owed for a part of my

trip over here but I felt that I could easily take care of that. For the present I was anxious to buy a new hat and shoes and to dress according to the new styles here. I looked pretty countrified and poor in my finery from home. I was all eyes to see what the girls in America were wearing. It wasn't long before I was rigged out as fine as anyone in my class. In my natural state I had a very good figure but those were the days of the hour-glass silhouette. The only way that one could possibly have the figure that was in style was to lace-up in the steel-ribbed corsets that were worn at the time. I laced so tightly that it was a wonder I could breathe. It was pretty hard on a strong and robust peasant constitution but I did not falter when it came to being in style and I certainly looked the perfect, stylish figure of those days. Even the simple clothes that I could afford looked like a million dollars on me. The wealthy women for whom I worked could well look upon me with envy as I started out on my day off. Dressing up was really my whole life and enjoyment.

I had a funny experience when I arrived in Chicago. It might have turned out badly for me. I arrived at the station late at night. I was all alone. After leaving the train I walked out to the street. I stood there on the sidewalk in front of the station, with my suit-case in my hand and wondering where to go. I was a little confused and dazzled by the lights and commotion around me. A cab drew up at the curb and I stepped into it, thinking that I would go to a

hotel. I don't remember whether I had any particular address or not. But at least the driver understood that I wanted to get to a hotel for the night. He could tell of course that I was a greenhorn. He drove around and I had no idea of where he was taking me. Finally he stopped in front of a place and escorted me up the stairs. I held on to my suit-case/ⁱⁿwhich I had all my belongings. Just as we got to the head of the stairs the doors on either side of the hallway flew open and in each doorway was a woman poking her head out to see who~~o~~ was arriving. Green as I was, and knowing nothing of the ways of the world, I didn't like the looks of it. My intuition and fear more than anything else told me to get out of there as quickly as possible. So while the cab-driver was talking to a woman, evidently about me, I grabbed my suit-case and ran down the stairs and out into the street. I was not feeling frightened and uneasy. I went up to a policeman who directed me to a safe place for the night. I didn't even understand the language.

It was through the church that I made friends and met new acquaintances here. I joined the Swedish-methodist church in Chicago although in the old country my parents were Lutherans and I had been baptized into the Lutheran faith. I belonged to the Methodist church here for a number of years. They were not so strict as the Lutherans about dancing and having a good time. I believed in God and in going to church but I also wanted to have fun and

enjoy life. I went to dances when I was home in the old country and this was another thing that I was criticized for doing. But I loved to dance. During the winters at home I would hike miles in the snow and cold to get to a dance. Often my long, heavy skirts were wet and frozen to the knees when I got home from traipsing through the snow. It was a wonder that I didn't die of consumption. During the winter it took forever for the clothes to dry after they were washed. Often, when I went out, I put on underclothes that were almost wet. My sister and I slept in a small store-house across the yard from the house and we often ran back and forth through the snow barefooted. There were quite a few cases of A.B. among the young people. I knew several in the neighborhood of my home who had died of it.

As I was saying, here in Chicago I belonged to the church and I also had a good time. I met many young people through the church and the atmosphere was sociable and happy. It was here that I met the man whom I later married. I imagine there were many "matches" like this made through the church. My husband was from the southern part of Sweden, and had only been in this country two or three years when I first met him. He came here a regular "greenhorn", directly from a small farm in Vermland. At the time that I met him he was working as a carpenter. He had "picked up" this trade since coming to America. So many of the immigrant men got into the building trades. He was a hard worker and

he did his work well but he never got any further than working for somebody else. He never became a boss or a contractor on his own. We had many friends who were contractors and bosses on big building jobs and they were not any "smarter" than my husband.

But we had a nice enough home and enough left over for fairly decent clothes and plenty to eat. We managed to build and own a two-flat house in Chicago. We had our home in one flat and rented out the other one. Both my own and my husband's position here was far better than we had ever had in Sweden. And I am sure that neither one of us could have done as well if we had stayed in the old country. At the time when we came over there seemed to be plenty of room for all and there was work enough as far as I could tell. My husband was big and very strong. He worked as much as any two ordinary men. He simply could not take it easy on the job, or even work with any degree of moderation. I guess the men who worked with him didn't like it much. For many of them it was physically impossible to keep up with him. Naturally the boss like it and my husband had work when others were laid off. But this was during his best years. He couldn't keep up this pace forever. So after a number of years he decided to leave the city and get a farm where he could work for himself. He was not getting older and he knew he couldn't keep up with the terrific strain of working for bosses much longer.

We sold our property in Chicago and bought a small farm in Michigan. We didn't do so very well on the farm and it took plenty of hard work. I don't believe that a city dweller moving out on the farm can make much of a success of it. Both my husband and I were raised on the farm but that didn't seem to help any. But at least my husband enjoyed the work on the farm and there was no one to drive you to death. He was not to enjoy his freedom so very long. We had only been on the farm about four years when he died. He was then about fifty years old.

Our two daughters were at the high school age when we moved to the farm. During the time that we were on the farm they both graduated from high school. The older girl went to normal college as she wanted to be a school teacher. About the time she had finished her normal training she got married. The young man that she married was our neighbor. And now this son-in-law and my daughter have taken over our farm. There isn't much money to be made on it but it is a home for us. My younger daughter married a young man whose home is here in the west.

I have always enjoyed the companionship of my two daughters and I have tried to keep my point of view sympathetic towards the young. I believe that my own nature and temperament are of the kind that keep a youthful outlook on things longer than some. Although now I am beginning to feel the weight of the years. Through my experience when I was young I should have

learned tolerance if it can be learned. My elder daughter has more of my temperament but she will never have the robustness of personality or physique that I had as a girl. My life was different, of course, from that which my daughters have experienced. They have always been protected and sheltered. Although I must say that my daughters have developed their mental capacities much more than I ever did. Outside of the meager schooling that I received in the village school in Sweden there was no effort on my part or anyone else to open my mind to anything intellectual. I was bright enough but my environment was such that there was no stimulus for anything outside the strictly utilitarian. I never contacted those things that might have opened up other vistas for me. The circumstances of my life were never such that those things were considered.

I had left the church some time before we moved to the farm. I became interested in the New Thought teachings and I received a great deal of help and inspiration from them. Although at the time that I belonged to the church I denounced these same teachings utterly. To me then they were absolutely irreligious.

I didn't see my parents again before they died and I know that I shall never see Sweden again. I have a brother and a sister here in America but the rest of the family stayed in the old country.

11

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

W. D. Fore 2/26/37
Edit-Holland
2/26/37

39

16

RACIAL MINORITIES SURVEY - SWEDISH

Otto M. Eckman, 1502 West Forty-Seventh Street, Los Angeles, was born near Carlsham, Sweden, March 28, 1864. He was the third of six children born to Jonas and Seostrom (Signal) Eckman. His parents came to Carlsham from the province of Smoland.

He came to the United States when 20 years of age. Though he is 73 years old now, he has not retired. He is a strong, well-built man, close to six feet in height. Energetic, beaming, pleasant-featured, quick of step, friendly of voice, he is an enthusiastic talker and quick to understand. Anybody looking for a good carpenter would put Otto Eckman to work without thought of age.

"Sure," he said, "I'll tell you all you want to know. There's nothing I'm ashamed of. But let's go out here in the garage where we won't disturb Mrs. Eckman," he said thoughtfully, leaving until a later time the yard work he was doing.

"Back in the old country my father was a millwright. So was my grandfather. They did nothing else. I learned the same trade and followed it until I was 20 years old, which was my age when I came to America. In Sweden all work was done by hand and from the water-powered mills along the rivers. Grain mills, saw mills, and many other kinds were run with water power. My father built mills, did nothing

W D Fore 2/26/37
Edit-Holland 2/26/37

17
24
Racial Minorities Survey
Swedish

else. Much of his work took him from home at times.

"On our home place we had a small flour and saw mill. We operated both from water power from a small river that ran across our land. Our home was a 4-room house, plain, but comfortable. We got along nicely, had plenty to eat. We had a garden, chickens, goats, pigs, and two cows. Yes, cats and dogs, too. But the principal income was from my father's employment as a millwright. Mother kept house and did outdoor chores. She didn't have time for anything else.

"No, she didn't sing to us much when we were babies, as I remember. No stories either. Too busy, I guess. But when we got to be older we all learned to sing a little. We learned that at church, and at home we would sing songs from hymn books. At the noon meal every day father or mother would say grace. When we children grew older we would sometimes say the blessing. Sunday mornings was spent mostly indoors at worship. In the afternoon we were allowed to go out and play. When we got to be old enough to understand our folks would tell us stories from the Bible. The only other kinds of stories we heard around home were ghost stories from visitors. There were lots of ghost stories.

"As a boy I had lots of fun. Work always came first, and there was lots of it to do. But when the work was done we could play. Fishing, swimming, sleigh riding, playing in the snow, ice skating, hunting, berry picking. There was plenty recreation the year round.

W D Fore 2/26/37
Edit-Holland 2/26/37

18
63
Racial Minorities Survey
Swedish

"In the river on our place was a dandy swimming hole. During summer we would spend two or three hours at a time in the water. A Swede takes to water just like a duck, you know. About five years ago, by the way, swimming became one of the compulsory courses in Sweden's public schools. There was fish in the river on the home place. We didn't have to go far to fish. We used hooks, seines, traps--any way we could catch them was good enough.

"Two or three miles from home was a lake. Quite often on Sunday afternoons during winter we would walk over to it, put on our ice skates, and skate over to town about nine miles away. It took us hardly no time to race there and back.

"We didn't indoor games. Card games were against church rules. One game we played out in the street--both young and grown-ups--with two or three on each side, was with a wheel made of hardwood. We would throw the wheel down the road and then try to stop it before it would cross a certain line.

"Father's attitude toward us children was that we must be obedient and do our duty--or else. He was a good father, but I wasn't always a good son. One time he got hold of some dynamite to blast rocks behind the water wheel. He had a hard time getting it and a harder time trying to find a place to keep it. But I knew where he kept it. I was chopping wood, I remember, and got hold of a piece that was

W D Fore 2/26/37
Edit-Holland 2/26/37

19
Racial Minorities Survey
Swedish

very tough. I decided I would try some dynamite on it. I bored a hole in the wood, put the dynamite in, adjusted the cap, lit the fuse, and ran off a distance to watch the explosion split my log in nice little pieces for the house. I got nothing but a mess of splinters and an awful spanking. I was about 11 years old then.

"At about the same age when I experimented with the dynamite, I got into a real mess of trouble. I had heard that goats would butt, without thinking much about it. One winter at the flour mill where we kids were helping make furniture by hand, I got as pretty a butt as any goat ever made. He was a good-natured animal. Hung around the mill all the time. We fed him and played with him same as if he had been a dog. I was stooping over doing something when he rammed me in the seat with a butt that threw me 20 feet.

"Another time some big timbers had been brought up to the saw mill. I wanted to make a sleigh with one of the nice pieces. I slipped down one morning (the mill was quite a little ways from the house) and ran into the tool house to get a sharp hand-ax. We children weren't allowed to use the sharp tools. While I was working away, the men started coming down. I got scared, slipped the hand-ax under my coat, and started to run and put it back. An inch of snow lay on the ground. In running I stepped on a pine slab that was slippery. It threw me head-first into the snow. The ax cut a deep wound in my wrist. Blood began to gush freely. I struck out to the house, leaving a trail of red blood on the

W D Fore 2/26/37
Edit-Holland 2/26/37

20
Racial Minorities Survey
Swedish

snow behind me. I barely got to the house before I fell. When I came to I was in bed. You can still see the big scar here on my wrist.

"I had a big boil on my right leg one time. It was as big as the top of a cup. The doctors couldn't do anything. At a spring near by was a place with lots of mud about eight inches deep. I began going down there to treat my leg, soaking the boil in the mud for a while, then washing off in clean water. After two weeks of mud treatment the boil healed up. It had bothered me for about four months.

"We had a good time in Sweden along with our work. Often a party of us would go out with dogs and track down rabbits in the snow. There was plenty of wild turkey, too. After finding the places where the turkeys roosted, we would go back there at night, shine their eyes with pine torches and shoot them.

"I started going to the public school at 7 years old. Had to walk two and one-half or three miles to get there. It was a 1-story building, with two or three rooms in it. There was a porch. The school was made of timber and was very warm after the birchwood began to burn in the old stove. Long benches and long desks were used. Plain or common, but comfortable. I attended school about five years.

"We studied the three R's and geography. School was always opened with prayer, hymns and other songs as well. The geography I learned in school serves me good till this day. I still remember much that I learned about different countries.

"Yes, we had our country's heroes in class study. I don't remember all of them. I guess we had more than you have in this country. I remember in class we had King Carl XII and Adolf II.

"In school we were told considerable about America, about the gold strikes, and about the Indians. The teacher didn't have textbooks on the gold strikes and on the Indians. He told us about such things in talks from time to time.

"There was lots of community life in Sweden. Next to swimming a Swede likes to eat. At almost all our community gatherings we had something good to eat.

"On May 1st we would celebrate. Parties of young people would go in groups from house to house where they would sing, play instruments, and have refreshments. We would dress up in the national costume. Each province had its own costume. They were very colorful. The boys wore knee breeches and a jacket, with a small head piece of some kind and feather in it. Girls wore skirts wide at bottom, close fitting at waist, plenty color. Their hair was done up in ribbons and stuck with flowers and topped with a sort of bonnet.

"On Mid-Summer Day, June 24, young and old alike would get together. Platform dances, games of all sorts, and refreshments.

"During fall we had the harvest festival. Big crowds, speeches, dancing, singing, games, refreshments.

"At Christmas all the women made great preparation for a grand feast. Christmas day we went to church. For a whole

W D Fore 2/26/37
Edit-Holland 2/26/37

Racial Minorities Survey
Swedish

week we would celebrate. No work. One New Year's we had a two-day holiday. Then on the 13th day after Christmas the last of the Christmas holidays was celebrated.

"Births and weddings were always celebrated pretty much as in America, except probably a little more there, as I remember.

"There was no library near by. The nearest library was at Ronebey, 18 miles away. With no railroads, the only transportation was horse and buggy. We didn't use the library there. At home we read the newspapers, magazines, and books. In Ronebey, a city of three or four thousand population, many Americans would come every year to drink the health waters. It was a famous spa. The waters were free.

"At the age of 20 years, I sailed to America alone. That was in 1884, during Cleveland's administration, I think it was. I had heard a lot about America and came over to better myself and to be with my sister and uncle, who lived in Austin, Texas. I was a good wood-worker and carpenter then. There was lots of building going on over here. I knew I could get work. I went straight to Austin, Texas, to my sister.

"We landed at the port of New York. I thought it was a great city. The thing that struck me most about this country then was its vastness, its extravagance, and its negroes. Along the railroad rights-of-way I saw the carcasses of many dead cattle, which were probably killed by the trains. In Sweden we would not let the hides and bones and fat go to

W D Fore 2/26/37
Edit-Holland 2/26/37

23
8
Racial Minorities Survey
Swedish

waste. At Hemstead, Texas, as I was sitting in the waiting room, a big negro kept coming into the room every now and then and looking me over. A fellow who spoke Swedish also came in and told me there had been trouble between the whites and the blacks and that I had better come and go along with him to his house. My train wouldn't be along for six hours, anyhow, he told me.

"In 1884 I came to Los Angeles. Here I married Anna Christine Anderson, about 34 or 35 years ago. We have one child, Catherine, born in 1902. Catherine can read and speak Swedish, but she reads it better than she speaks it. I took out citizenship papers here about 40 years ago. We don't belong to any native clubs or societies. My preconceived ideas of this country I found to be a little underestimated, but otherwise about the same.

"Yes, I had plans as to my future work when I came over and I have fulfilled them just about as I had expected.

"Would I like to go back to Sweden? Well, I don't know. I haven't seen America yet. I believe if I had lots of money and could travel the first thing I would do is see America. It's a pretty good country."

Swedish Immigrant-Woman
Born 1892
Came to America 1910

I was born in the province of Vermland, in the southern part of Sweden. This province is one of the most beautiful and also most fertile part of the country. The small village where I lived was about nine miles from the home of Selma Lagerlof, the Swedish authoress. I remember how curious the farmers and the people living near us were. I remember hearing many stories about the goings on of the celebrated writer. But the people thought a great deal of her, and they were very proud of her accomplishments. They were glad to add one more to the list of illustrious writers and poets who had been born in this particular part of the country. As a child, I also remember hearing about the explorer Andre. He was also a "Vermlanning", and this was at the time that he started on his trip in a balloon to the North Pole.

There were four girls in our family. My mother died when my youngest sister was just a baby, and my father was left alone to bring us up. My grandmother, on my mother's side, lived near by, so she took charge of us more or less, but she also had her own home to look after.

My grandmother was a very remarkable woman. She was not educated, but she had wonderful talents. She had lived during the reign of three kings. She was able to tell us of the changing times that she had lived through and of the well-known people who had come and gone during her lifetime. I do not believe I have ever seen a stronger or finer character in a woman than in my grandmother.

I was born in the province of Venland, in the southern part of the country. This province is one of the most beautiful and also most fertile part of the country. The small village where I lived was about nine miles from the home of V. Selma Lagerlof, the Swedish writer. I remember how curious the farmers and the people living near us were. I remember hearing many stories about the young man of the celebrated writer. But the people thought a great deal of her, and they were very proud of her accomplishments. They were glad to add one more to the list of illustrious writers and poets who had been born in this particular part of the country. As a child, I also remember hearing about the explorer Andre. He was also a "Venlander", and this was at the time that he started on his trip in a balloon to the North Pole. There were four girls in our family. My mother died when my youngest sister was just a baby, and my father was left alone to bring us up. My grandmother, on my mother's side, lived near by, so she took charge of us more or less, but she also had her own home to look after. My grandmother was a very respectable woman. She was not educated, but she had wonderful talents. She had lived during the time when she was able to tell us of the changing times that she had lived through and of the well-known people who had come and gone during her lifetime. I do not believe I have ever seen a stronger or finer character in a woman than in my grand-

She was a great inspiration to me, but I have fallen far short of her achievement in development.

My father rented the small place where we lived. He was able to eke out a bare living by hiring out to our more prosperous neighbors and by working the five or six acres of land in which we lived. But he did not have much help from us girls. He had his hands full in keeping us under any kind of discipline. We ran wild in the fields. We never sewed on a button, merely hitching our clothes together with a nail when necessary. We led a carefree life. We did not suffer any want as far as food was concerned, and we did not care about anything else. We were supposed, as we grew older, to keep the house in order and wash the dishes. It was always at the last minute that we would run in and do these necessary chores. Sometimes, at the very last moment, as our father was returning home, we would run into the house, throw all the dirty dishes into a big pot, and put the cover over it. But my father was happy-go-lucky too. He liked to sit and play on an old guitar and sing to his own ~~accompaniment~~ ^{accompaniment}. Sometimes he would come home a little the worse for having taken a drink too many. But all in all he was a very kind and understanding father. My grandmother's home was within a block from us, so that when she wasn't with us at home, we ~~s~~ children, especially the youngest, were with her at her place. She did all she could possibly do for us, and she was the only one who kept us under any control.

The beauty of our natural surroundings could not be surpassed anywhere. It is difficult to describe the clearness and purity of the air, especially in the early spring mornings. We were always up at five o'clock. My older sister and I had now started school.

...the small house where we lived. ...
...I tried to find out the way to the ...
...and by working the five or six acres of land in which we
lived. But he did not have much help from his wife. ...
...he was ...
...in the field. He never ...
...to him a ...
...the ...
...the house in order and with the ...
...the last minute ...
...at the very last moment, ...
...we would ...
...big ...
...to his ...
...words for having taken a ...
...we ...
...The ...
...who had ...
...The ...
...to ...
...by other ...

We walked almost a swedish mile along the highway each morning. I remember the many different flowers along the way, and the soft rustling sound of the leaves of the silver birches quivering in the air. It was impossible to live here and not feel the beauty of nature and be lifted up out of the ordinary everyday life. I have always been able to feel the power of beauty, but I have had no special talent for expressing it. Surely if I had possessed any creative talent whatsoever, these surroundings would have forced it into expression.

When my oldest sister was nineteen and I was eighteen, an uncle in America wanted my grandmother and grandfather to come to Seattle where he was then living. My grandmother was seventy years old at the time, and my grandfather was about the same age. It was quite a long trip for them to undertake. They were both in good health, and they decided to leave Sweden. They were going to take my older sister along, and as I didn't want to be separated from her, I was allowed to go with them. It was a big event in our lives when we said goodbye to all our school-mates and friends. I was sorry to leave my father and younger sisters, but we felt certain that we would see each other again.

We arrived in Seattle. My grandparents were soon settled in a small place of their own. This place was in the city, but my grandfather kept a cow and some chickens. She lived very much as she had lived in the old country, but she never felt quite at home in America. She lived in Seattle ten years before her death. My

the many different flowers along the way, and the soft
sound of the leaves of the silver birches rustling in
the air. It was impossible to live here and not feel the beauty
of nature and be lifted up out of the ordinary everyday life. I
have always been able to feel the power of beauty, but I have had
no special talent for expressing it. Surely if I had possessed
any creative talent whatsoever, these surroundings would have formed

Then my oldest sister was nineteen and I was eighteen, and
Uncle in America wanted my grandmother and grandfather to come to
Seattle where he was then living. My grandmother was seventy years
old at the time, and my grandfather was a few years less. It
was quite a long trip for them to undertake. They were told a
good deal, and they decided to leave Sweden. I was going to
take my older sister along, and as I didn't want to be separated
from her, I was allowed to go with them. It was a big event in
our lives when we said goodbye to all our Swedish friends and relatives.
I was sorry to leave my father and younger sisters, but we felt
certain that we would see each other again.

We arrived in Seattle. My grandparents were soon settled in
a small place of their own. This place was in the city, but my
grandfather kept a cow and some chickens. The lived very much as
she had lived in the old country, but she never felt quite at home
in America. She lived in Seattle ten years before her death.

grandfather died three years before she passed away.

While we were in Seattle, my sister went to a business college. She then got a job in an office and has been doing this same kind of work ever since. I didn't care much for office work, nor had I any special aptitude for study. What I really wanted to do was learn to dance and go on the stage, but this was out of the question. Even in my own mind, it seemed too far fetched, besides, I don't know that I had any particular talent. So I did house work, and I was a good and willing worker when I felt like it. I got fairly good wages plus my board and room. I was able to dress very well and to have a good time. I met a great many swedish fellows, but I didn't marry. I only cared for one. He was a red-headed Swede who had come to America from the same part of Sweden as I came from. But he was not the marrying type.

My sister and I stayed in Seattle as long as my grandmother was alive. I always went out to see her on my day off. She would have missed us terribly if we had left. In the meantime, we had been able to send my next youngest sister the fare, so she was now with us here. She worked as I did, doing housework, but after working about two years, she married. Her husband was also swedish.

After the death of my grandmother, my older sister and I came down to San Francisco. We had both relatives and friends here. I got work in a wholesale company as a stock clerk. I helped with almost everything around the place, packing and shipping, etc. I liked this work; it was not fussy or particular. I worked in this same place twelve years. I worked here until the last two years, when the firm went under, and everyone lost their jobs.

... I was very ill ...
... my special ...
... least to dance and go on the stage, but this was out of the question.
... Even in my own time, it seemed too far ...
... I don't know that I had any particular talent, but I did know work,
... and I was a good and willing worker when I felt like it. I got
... fairly good wages plus my board and room. I was able to do my work
... well and to have a good time. I was a very happy worker.

... Sweden was not ...
... came from. But he was not the ...
... My father and I stayed in ...
... alive. I always went out to see him on my day off. The world had
... missed us terribly if we had left. In the meantime, we had been
... able to earn my next young man's ...
... as here. The work was I did, doing however, but other working
... about two years, she married. Her husband was also Swedish.

... after the death of ...
... came down to San Francisco. He had been ...
... I got work in a wholesale company as a stock clerk. I was ...
... with almost everything around the place, packing and shipping, etc.
... this same place twelve years. I worked here until the last two
... years, when the firm went bankrupt, and everyone lost their jobs.

I received \$130 a month for my work. The regular shipping clerk, a young man, received a salary of nearly \$250. I am sure that I did just as much work as he did. But neither one of us had saved anything, so we were both just as well off financially after we lost our jobs. The shipping-clerk of whom I spoke, was married and ^{had} one child. They were paying about \$45 or \$50 for their apartment.

During this time, my older sister married but was divorced, and she now had a baby to support. We were still living together in a three room apartment. Both my sister and I were working, so while the baby was small, we had a woman take care of her during the week, and we only had her home with us during the week-ends. As she grew older and went to school, we had her at home with us.

I have had to go on relief the last six months, and I don't know just what will happen next. It seems so queer now to have no work at all. During the time when I was working, we were so busy and worked so hard, that we had no time, or were too tired, to do anything else or even to think. It seemed then, that everything depended on going along at full speed, and we lived with little thought as we worked. I never want to work like that again. During the time that I was idle, I tried working in a factory making lampshades. This was piece-work, and it was impossible to make anything at it. One could make two or three dollars a week if one were lucky. We had to be there at eight in the morning, waiting for work as it came along; I couldn't possibly waste carfare and time here. Then someone ^{gave} ~~have~~ me the name and address of a manufacturer who was making apron-dresses, night-dresses, etc. I was supposed to take the work home, finish the pieces, and deliver them

for twenty cents a piece. I couldn't possibly have made anything on them at this price plus the carfare and time to get the work and deliver it. This manufacturer did not seem to have any set prices for having his work done. He simply got it done as cheaply as possible wherever he could find anyone who was desperate enough to take the work. My experience in trying to find work was very discouraging. I could have gone to work at four dollars per week as an apprentice, sewing in a gown shop. I tried several factories as a power-machine operator, but I could not qualify for speed. I was not an expert operator.

My father is ~~still~~ still on his little farm in Sweden. My youngest sister is married and she and her husband have taken over the place. My father is getting quite old, and I don't know whether ~~will~~ ^{will} ever get to see him again. I would like to go back to visit my people.

country. I could have gone to work at four dollars per week as
an apprentice, sewing in a farm shop. I tried several theories as
to what I should do, but I never decided on anything.

My father is still at his little farm in Sweden. The
youngest sister is married and she and her husband have taken over
the place. My father is getting quite old, and I don't know whether
I will ever get to see him again. I would like to go back to visit

41

The parents of this family emigrated from Sweden when they were young. That is, they were grown but it was before they were married. They both came from a small town on the eastern coast of Sweden and they were both from lower middle class homes. Neither one had received any particular advantages. An elementary school training to start out with was all the education they had received.

The father of this family was a tailor. This trade he had learned in the old country. He did not have his own shop but worked in an establishment, under a boss. This family was buying a four-room brick house, a typical small home in the neighborhood where we lived. Their home was small and crowded and both the house and furnishings were old and shabby. The only thing in it, of any value, was a piano.

There were three children in the family, a boy of thirteen and two girls. One of the girls was twelve years old and the youngest was about nine. These children could understand Swedish but could not speak it, except for a word or phrase. The parents spoke Swedish at home and between themselves. It was easier for them to express themselves in their native tongue, although they were fond of using a very broken and poor English, which they had acquired since coming to America. It was almost as difficult for the parents to speak English as it was for the children to speak Swedish. The men, because in their work they had to get out among different people, generally spoke better English than their wives.

The home life in this family was about the average. The father was ~~when~~ musical and sang in the Swedish men's chorus

29

and in the different quartettes whenever the Swedes had their celebrations. The older girl had taken after her father both in appearance and ability. He was tall and blond. She was taking music lessons and seemed to show more artistic expression than her brother and younger sister. She also seemed closer to, and had more sympathy with, her parents' foreign background. The other two, as they grew up, mingled more with Americans. The parents belonged to several Swedish societies and lodges. This was their social life. As the eldest daughter grew up she associated more and more with the Swedes although not exclusively. There may have been some ulterior motive or reason for her going in this particular direction. Her mother, who was getting older and losing her charms, used her daughter, who was developing into a very attractive young woman, as a wedge in holding on to her own prestige and popularity among a group that otherwise would have dropped her. The mother was willing to sacrifice her ~~daughter~~ daughter to her own selfish interests.

The two girls in this family went through grammar school and then to business college. The son started working after he finished grammar school.

indirect theft

My family emigrated from Sweden when I was fourteen years old. We came from the province of Hälsingland in the central part of the country. We lived on a small farm in one of the villages not far from the city of Sundsväl. My parents came to America as Mormon converts and we went directly to Salt Lake. I have lived in and near Salt Lake most of my life except for the last few years that I have been out here on the coast. We were six children in our family. An elder brother and sister are still in Sweden. When we left there they were both working; my brother was in Sundsväl and my sister was working on a farm not far from where we lived. They had not been converted to the Mormon faith and they decided to stay in Sweden. Our farm in the old country was sold at auction, and my father and mother with the four youngest children started off to America.

I had finished the elementary school in the village where we lived in Sweden. When we arrived ~~where we lived~~ in Salt Lake I had to begin my schooling all over again. I was then a grown-up boy and I had to start in the first grades with the smallest children. It looked as if I wasn't quite bright or something. The other boys in the school tormented the life out of me. I was called every name that they could possibly think of. After two weeks of this I quit school. Nothing could have ever persuaded me to go back there. I was big enough to have a job anyway. I got work as a delivery boy for one of the grocers in our neighborhood and I picked up the language and my education as I went along. I worked around town at different jobs and it didn't take me very long to learn. People

liked me wherever I went and I got along fine. I was able to earn a little from the very beginning. During the first four or five years that we were here I was working most of the time. The money that I earned was a big help to my parents. My father didn't earn very much but he was able to find work most of the time. He was working as a carpenter. Finally I got work on the delivery wagon for one of the big stores downtown. I was now making about fifteen or eighteen dollars a week. I liked my job and I felt that I was getting good pay, although
Although I was inclined to be somewhat easy with money. My parents had bought a small home and I was able to help them by paying board and room. I had always been home and I was interested in it. I enjoyed helping my mother plan and buy the simple things that we could afford. By careful management on my mother's part, and by being used to a frugal living from the old country, we were able to get along very well and to provide a little beyond the bare necessities.

For no particular reason, except that I happen to remember this incident and was, at the time, quite impressed, I recall an experience that was new and different from anything that I had known before. A Swedish woman, who called herself a spiritualistic or psychic medium, was then travelling in the west. She told my parents that she was a natural daughter of Carl XV, of Sweden. My parents got to know her and we attended a number of her seances. She then proceeded to tell me that I was very psychic and that she wanted to see me develop my powers. I was quite interested and impressed, as it was a different line of thought from anything that I was familiar with. I was about twenty years old. I now began taking

lessons from her in ^{yogi} Yoga breathing and philosophy to develop my psychic powers. I paid her fifty dollars for a course of typewritten lessons that she had brought back from the Orient. Each day on my delivery wagon trips I would stop at my home and practice the Yogi breathing. I kept it up for a time but I don't believe it was in me to become a good psychic. I was, by nature, too open and honest in my disposition and I was not particularly introspective. I liked people and I liked to mingle with them. I belonged to most of the Swedish clubs and orders. I was one of the youngest ⁱⁿ ~~of~~ these groups but I had held all the different offices, including that of president, in each one. Some of the older fellows turned up their noses a trifle at me. They thought I was too young to hold office and that I didn't know anything as I hadn't had any education to speak of. But their education and knowledge were nothing to speak of, either. It was simply that they were older and had to act superior and uphold their dignity. I was not self-seeking, nor did I make myself important so they really had nothing to feel sore about. I enjoyed this sort of social life and I knew everybody. It was easy for me to gain friends wherever I went. I was very flexible and easy in all my dealings with people. I could never say "no" to any one. I was the type that anyone can wind around his finger. But sometimes it isn't so easy to unwind them, as I have noticed.

As
~~As~~ I look back over my life I can see now that a person needs character. The approbation of everyone isn't worth anything. I was happy when everybody was seemingly a friend.

Among the ladies too I was quite popular, both with old and young. Even as a young boy the older ladies who came to the house to visit my mother seemed always pleasantly surprised because I would stop and chat and make a fuss over them. It always made an impression on them and they felt grateful and happy for it. They were not used to any attention from the younger people. The latter only acted in a callous and indifferent way towards them. But I remember at home that we were always happy to see an older man or woman and they were not only treated with respect but also with interest and as human beings. I was just as interested in talking to an old lady, and sometimes more so, as I was in talking to a young girl. I don't know whether it was something lacking in my nature or not. I remember my wife used to "kid" me about the way I acted when I came to call on her before we were married. I would calmly park myself at the other side of the room from where she sat and I sat there all evening, just talking. I never thought of getting sentimental or "mushy". It was not because I was serious-minded or backwards that I behaved like this. But I know even while I was growing up I was quite free from emotional disturbances and I had never stimulated myself on sex. Some of the young fellows that I ran around with were pretty wild. I seemed to fit in with all sorts. I got drunk and had a good time with the rest of them. Although this was true, yet having a home, parents, and younger brothers and sisters held me in check more than was the case with some of the fellows who were all alone. I know that I didn't want the younger ones of the family to see me drunk. So often a

man's nature and personality get twisted and misshapen by the experiences that he encounters. My nature didn't seem to coarsen or change by my contact with a great many things that were far from uplifting. I was like a duck with water, I shed everything. Probably I shed the good along with the bad. A nature like mine is difficult to describe. It is neither good nor bad. I could take on any atmosphere or companionship that I happened to be with. I never used any discrimination with my associates because, as I said, I felt friendly towards all.

I was now working in a large wholesale millinery establishment and I was getting a fairly good ~~sla~~ salary. Through my father I contacted, at this time, a group of middle-aged men, all of them Scandinavians, who were interested in a mining property in Utah. They had incorporated the company some time before this and had been selling stock. These men were not promoters. It was an investment proposition and they all had invested their hard-earned money in the mine. Neither my father nor I had any investment in it. But I was made secretary-treasurer and I had charge of and handled all their business. I handled an account of about \$1500 for them. These men were all working-men and they had very little time or experience in dealing with the business end of the company. I didn't know my own nature well enough to understand the risk that I took in accepting a responsibility like this. These men evidently didn't know much about human nature either. They liked me and that was all that mattered to them. They were right in feeling that I was honest. I was absolutely honest. I never could have gone out to steal in a planned or deliberate way, nor

could I have done anything that is obviously dishonest. I have never had any particular ambition for money or power.

Among my numerous friends at this time was a middle-aged lawyer. He was the type that is usually described as having a brilliant mind. Now, with too much drinking, a gradual loosening of his moral and physical fiber had set in. He had his small and untidy office in an old theater building. In this tiny space his law books and documents lay helter skelter, all over the place. He came from an old and fine American family. His wife was about his age, a tall, thin, and nervously talkative woman. They had no children. They owned a comfortable and nice old home in Salt Lake. But my friend wasn't making much money. He was probably losing the prestige that he had once had. But he was always planning some fantastic scheme for making easy and quick money. About this time he had figured out a perfect system for "beating" the horse-races. During the summer and fall they were having horse-races at a track outside the city. The scheme for making this easy money was very simple. Both my friend and his wife were very enthusiastic about it. The procedure was to have several people ~~xxxx~~ stationed at intervals from the grandstand at the race track to a specified place where someone would be at a telephone connected with one of the poolrooms in the city, where they were taking bets on the races. Immediately after each race, or as soon as the winning horse could be distinguished they would begin signalling the number through these relays to the person at the telephone who would then place the money on the horse that had just won. The idea was to get the bet in on the winning horse before the announce-

ment was officially made. My friend was very eloquent and persuasive in describing it all to me. There was no risk in it after a master mind had worked it out. As simple as the ^{scheme} ~~scheme~~ was it still took money to operate it and my friend naturally didn't have any. I was able to furnish some of the backing. During the summer and fall we worked hard at "beating" the gambling game. I had my regular job but I furnished most of the money and there had to be plenty of cash on hand all the time. But we were absolutely sure that the money we were spending would come back to us many times doubled. We spent plenty of money. We both put in all we could scrape together. By this time I had forgotten just what was my own and that which I had no right to take. But I was going to put all the money back that belonged to the mining company just as soon as we got things straightened out. The directors of the mining company met with me every three months or whenever anything of importance came up.

Our profits on the races were pretty uneven. It was hard to keep everything working without a hitch. I was beginning to feel a little bit uneasy. But it would only take one or two good bets to clear everything and I would be able to put back the money I had taken from the mining company's account. I was now about twenty-seven years old. I was not married. I had never been up against anything difficult before. Everything had been smooth and easy going. But now I felt myself gradually being driven into a desperate position. I was being pushed

further and further to the point where I would stand as a criminal. I would soon have to account for my actions just as if I had taken a deliberately criminal step. But there was still a glimmering hope of getting the money back. It seemed impossible that I should be trapped like this. I could no more have gone out and stolen money that belonged to these men than I could have flown. But the facts stood there clearly; their money was gone and I was the one responsible. At last I knew that I didn't have a chance of getting the money back. Even then I didn't do anything about it. I merely waited and waited day after day until the time when I would be found out. Not a soul knew my secret. I suppose that I tortured myself needlessly in carrying around the heavy load of guilt during the weeks before it was discovered. It is hard to explain that awful dead weight that was pressing on me those few weeks. I thought of killing myself. I couldn't do it. I knew that I could work and pay back the money. But I couldn't face these men personally and tell them that the money was gone. I was at their mercy as to how much consideration I might get when they found out about it. If they wanted ~~xxx~~ to, they could send me to prison.

I was not married at this time but I had a girl friend whom I had known for some time. She was of Danish descent. She was really in love with me and was anxious to get married. I also had a Swedish girl friend. She was four years older than I but she was a very fine woman and I knew that she cared a great deal for me. Here, too, I was so busy pleasing everybody that I didn't know whom I was really in love with. During this time

I married my Danish girl friend. It was a difficult situation for my wife to face at the very beginning of our married life. She knew, of course, that something was wrong but she didn't know what it was. Her patience and love for me at this time I can never forget. But I couldn't tell her the truth. I couldn't tell anyone. During this time I often wondered if it would ever again be possible to feel anything but this heavy load that seemed to weigh me down until I had no other feeling or emotion. If my mind settled on anything else and forgot for one second the doom that was hanging over me, the next instant it would come back to it with such ~~sharp~~ sharpness and shock that I could easily have cried out aloud from the torture of soul and body.

At last the time came when I was forced to come forward with the truth. My father was the first one I told. He worked with these men who had entrusted their savings to me. They hadn't said anything to him but he had heard talk and gossip. These men didn't act in the same friendly manner towards him as they had before. My father became suspicious of the situation. He came directly to me and asked me about the money and I told him of what had happened. But I didn't tell him or anyone else just how I had lost it. It was a hard blow to my father and he didn't have the money to help me with. We ~~didn't~~ didn't know what means these men would take in demanding justice. I was willing and able to work to pay back every cent but it would take time.

Finally matters were settled so that I had the chance for

freedom and to work to pay back the money. My father-in-law, my wife's step-father, loaned me a part of the sum to pay back. My wife and I now moved to a small town in Utah where her mother and step-father lived. My father-in-law owned a large mercantile store in this town and he had several pieces of property around here including ranches and dry-farms. I was put in charge of the store. Both my wife and I worked here and we lived with my wife's mother and step-father. We were right under my father-in-law's thumb for years, in fact we were never free. I got along fine in the store. Now that the worst pressure was beginning to lighten for me I found that I still had my old personality and the ability to mix with people.

My father-in-law was Danish. But he had come to this country as a child and he could barely speak and understand his native tongue. He was then about fifty years old. During his career he had been sent to Washington, by the people of the state, as representative or something. In all probability he was sent there because he happened to have enough money to uphold his office there. He wasn't much of a politician. I remember everyone who came to the house had to see a huge book that he had bought when he was serving his term in Washington. This book was a de luxe edition of portraits of all the representatives at that particular time. His own picture was there of course. He had paid about seventy-five dollars for this book, or rather for the honor of being included in it, and he was very proud of it. He was something of a "stepper" when he was out, but at home he was so respectable that it was

painful. Everyone felt ill at ease. But he was the one who held the purse strings and we all jumped around him like puppets. As I look back I can see how constrained and how far from happy our lives were at that time. But, of course, I had come there after an experience that had robbed me of all reaction and I could live under almost any conditions. And I was always able to hide my feelings. My wife and I both worked in the store and the house was almost next door to it. For years our lives ran along in this way. We haven't had a family and we had never had a home of our own. During the last few years before my wife died we were by ourselves for a short time.

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 3, 1862, in which he reports on the state of the Union and the progress of the war.

2. The second part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the War Department, dated January 10, 1862, in which he details the military operations and the condition of the army.

3. The third part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the Navy Department, dated January 15, 1862, in which he describes the naval activities and the state of the fleet.

4. The fourth part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the Interior Department, dated January 20, 1862, in which he discusses the land and mineral resources of the country.

5. The fifth part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the Treasury Department, dated January 25, 1862, in which he presents the financial condition of the government.

RACE: SWEDISH

SEX: FEMALE

AGE: 46 YEARS

Mrs. X was the only daughter, in a family of four children, and was born in the town of Umeå, Sweden, which is near the border of Lapland.

Two of Mrs. X's brothers died when she was just a girl.

Mrs. X was raised and received her education in Umeå, which is a headquarters for Swedish Army troops in the northern part of Sweden. Mrs. X met and fell in love with a soldier in the Swedish calvary and they were married. Mrs. X was only seventeen years of age when she was married and continued to live in her home town of Umeå for one year after her marriage as her husband still had one more year to serve in the Swedish Army. When her husband had completed his service in the army Mrs. X and her husband moved to Stockholm, Sweden, her husband's home. Mrs. X and her husband remained in Stockholm for three years where her husband worked as a painter for his father, who was in the contracting business.

Mrs. X's brother who had come to America and located in Arcata, California, kept writing to Mrs. X and her husband that they should come to California as there were many opportunities to make money and that the streets were practically paved with gold. Mrs. X and her husband received so many of these letters with glowing reports about the riches of America that they finally decided that they would come to America, where her brother was.

Mrs. X and her husband sold everything they had in the way of household furnishings in Stockholm before coming to America and only kept what clothing they needed to travel to America.

[Handwritten signature]

THE
OFFICE
OF THE
SECRETARY
OF THE
NAVY
WASHINGTON
D. C.

Two of Mrs. X's brothers died when she was just a girl.

Two of Mrs. X's brothers died when she was just a girl. Mrs. X met and fell in love with a soldier in the Swedish cavalry and they were married. Mrs. X was half Swedish and half English. They married and continued to live in the same place for many years. Mrs. X and her husband moved to Stockholm, Sweden, her husband in the army. Mrs. X and her husband worked as a painter for his father, who was in the contracting business.

Mrs. X's brother who had come to America and located in Alaska, California, kept writing to Mrs. X and her husband that they should come to California as there were many opportunities to make money and that the streets were practically paved with gold. Mrs. X and her husband received so many of these letters with glowing reports about the riches of America that they finally decided that they would come to America, where her brother was.

Mrs. X and her husband left Sweden and came to America and only

Mrs. X and her husband booked passage on a steamer from Stockholm to New York City. On arriving in New York City they came by train direct to San Francisco and then by boat to Eureka, California, where they were met by Mrs. X's brother who took them to Arcata, California. On arriving in Arcata Mrs. X was very much disappointed. From the way her brother had written her she had pictured a beautiful city and when she landed in Arcata and saw only a small town she wanted to go back to Sweden again. Mrs. X's brother could see that his sister was very downhearted and to cheer her up he invited her and her husband to go to the moving picture show. Mrs. X was more downhearted than ever when she went to the theatre as it was only a small theatre with wooden benches for seats, and she had been used to opera houses in Stockholm, Sweden, and the picture that was playing at the theatre was one of Charlie Chaplin which she had seen in Stockholm a month before she came to America.

Mrs. X's husband secured a job with a barrel company in Arcata and worked every day in the year, including all holidays, for two dollars a day. Two daughters were born to Mrs. X and the care of her daughters kept her from getting so lonesome for her home country. Mrs. X raised her two daughters and educated them in the public schools. After they received their education both daughters married. One daughter has two children and the other daughter has one child. Mrs. X spends her time between her daughters as one still lives in Arcata, California, and the other daughter lives in San Francisco. Now that Mrs. X has raised her two children and they are happily married she is content to remain in America where she can be with them.

Harry S. Park

and her husband booked passage on a steamer from Stockholm to New York City. On arriving in New York City they came by train directly to San Francisco and then by boat to Arcata, California, where they

met by Mrs. X's brother who took them to Arcata, California. On arriving in Arcata Mrs. X was very much disappointed. From the way her father had written her she had pictured a beautiful city and when she

landed in Arcata and saw only a small town she wanted to go back to Sweden again. Mrs. X's brother could see that his sister was very down-

hearted and to cheer her up he invited her and her husband to go to

moving picture show. Mrs. X was more downhearted than ever when

she went to the theatre as it was only a small theatre with wooden

benches for seats, and she had been used to opera houses in Stockholm.

Indeed, and the picture that was playing at the theatre was one of

Charlie Chaplin which she had seen in Stockholm a month before she

came to America.

Mrs. X's husband secured a job with a barrel company in Arcata and

worked every day in the year, including all holidays, for two dollars

a day. Two daughters were born to Mrs. X and the care of her daughters

kept her from getting so lonesome for her home country. Mrs. X raised

two daughters and educated them in the public schools. After they

received their education both daughters married. One daughter has two

children and the other daughter has one child. Mrs. X spends her time

between her daughters as one still lives in Arcata, California, and the

other daughter lives in San Francisco. Now that Mrs. X has raised her

children and they are happily married she is content to remain in

where she can be with them.

3-4-75

L 574

Mr. J.

Came to America 1890 at the age of 21 years. He was born in Sweden and in his early life in Sweden he worked with his father as a carpenter in the fisheries off the coast of Sweden. His father and mother farmed on a small way in their birth and constant efforts of his father in the fishing industry. There was no hope in the family for other occupations in Sweden.

On a season for coming to America on the good reports he heard of the opportunities in the U.S.A. and on arriving here he procured work on the Atlantic coast with a fishing vessel and for a few years followed this line of work. He later came to the west coast where he has since lived.

11
following on line of work and the other
until she finally returned to fishing
on the Pacific Coast and has been
very successful working for some
time as a mate on a boat and
later acquiring a boat of his
own and for years has fished
from California to Alaska.

He is a citizen of this country
and feels his allegiance to the
U.S.A. was a very good one
and has lost after a number
of years in America he married
his own group and now has
three children, two boys and one
girl all attending school.

Mr. C. does not show any particular
interest in his native country and
thinks the U.S.A. is by far the
better place to live.

Mr. A. states that from reports he has
from the land of his father. A person
can make a living there if he
is willing to work very hard
a day and live mostly on
fish. But as far as making any
money and acquiring a home
and conditions of living compare
to the U.S.A. a person has not
a chance.

In his expressions of opinion
he very strongly opposes
the war in this country
and feels we will soon see
business in much better condition.
He seems to have no reaction
on account of old customs.
Mr. A's family life seems to be
very good as he claims his family
all of good health and happy.

In relation to depression - Mr. G. is
 of the opinion that more work
 and less dole will cure many
 of our so called ills of today
 It is a big proposition he
 thinks, but is willing to stick
 by the ship, and he says all
 will work out in fine shape
 in the not far distant future.
 The number of individuals involved
 in this account is five.
 The three children are all - more
 and attending school in the
 city of San Francisco.

W. L. Conroy

11

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

San Francisco, Calif. Jan. 22-36.

Dr Paul Radin. Mgr.
Reserch Department.

Mr Wetten born in Sweden in the year of 1888 attending school until the age of sixteen, at which time he decided that it was time for him to get out to make his own way in life, and also account the family being in a moderate circumstances, he drifted from job to job working at whatever he could get to do, and finally drifted into the sea faring business, as a common sailor, after making a number of trips to nearby lands, he succeeded in qualifying as an able body seaman and was assigned on regular trips to United States Ports, his first trip across the ocean was to New York City. In his estimation this was a frofitable and a very interesting trip, particullarly in New York while off shore leave with several of his palls making the rounds of amusements, ~~pampering~~ ~~minim~~ sampling the various kinds of drinks that were offered, and soon found that they were able to navigat~~e~~ as well as they were accustomed to while on the high seas, so they decided that they leave the drinks alone. What amused him greatly was the styles and custom of the american ways, particullarly the american girls. Being that they had some money to spend to accepted invitations to amusement resorts where many sorts of amusements were offered. so he soon found out that with money it does not take long to locate amusements of the kind they were seeking, and also found that it did not take very long to spend the money that he had with him, after that was gone things became more disinteresting, making

it necessary for him to return to his ships quarters. After leaving the port he began to realize that there was something about the manner, ways and costum of the american people that was interesting to him, in fact he felt that he received full value for all money he spent, with a desire for more return trips to the United States. On his return to his home port, he had many stories to tell his friends, account being the hero of the hour by giving his friends information and experiences that he had in the foreign lands, he himself become very much enthused in telling his story, and by being so greatly enthused, and had a group of good listeners, he found himself drifting with his stories beyond ~~the~~ what actually transpired. Not only being recognized as a hero amongst his boy friends, but also was recognized by his lady friends as being a real man. and found it impossible to accept all invitations that were given him by his various girl friends, on his return from a voyage. This made it very interesting for him. Also the sea faring business become as a second nature, having fully decided at this time that this was his business occupation to follow. His pay check during this time was not so very big, however after spending some for amusements, and personal expenses, he managed to have some left over to help his mother some every month. with some money and occasionally a dress from the United States which pleased her very much. ~~And then he was very much~~

During this time he guarded against love affairs, however after a few years he found himself slipping and finally fell in love with a girl, or else he thought he did, and they decided that they would get married, and so it was, A few days after the wedding he had to leave on his assigned trip, to return in three weeks or possibly a month. Being that he was away from home so much this did not appeal

to his wife any too well, and things did not prove out as well as he first thought it would, as he did not until then realize the financial obligations with the moderate salary that he was receiving. After a year or so his mother died, making it a little easier for him financially, but losing interest in marriage, due to the fact that his wife was of a flighty nature. After a few years of this sort of marriage, they ~~continued~~ agreed to disagree, picking up his personal effects stowing same on board ship that he was scheduled to leave. bidding some of his personal friends farewell for good. On his arrival in the United States he managed to get his personal effects off board, to remain in the United States. Since then he has worked at many different trades, and always managed to get along nicely and always enough money to satisfy his desires. Besides having saved up considerably, sufficient that will keep him for several years without doing any work. At present he lives in San Francisco but expects to go to Seattle and northern country in spring. where he has many associates to remain for the summer, and possibly do a little work at odd jobs.

By Adolph Forth.

Race - Scandinavian

Age - 38

Sex - male

72

144

This subject came to America in 1920, going to Chicago where he studied painting and music, mixed with the villagers on the near-north side and listened with great attention to the soap-box orators and discussions in studios lead by the I.W.W.'s, at that time rampant in the middle West. He refuses to talk of his life prior to this in his native country except to say it was of no account and utterly meaningless. But he must have come from a family economically stabilized since he lived in the U.S.A. for several years on money sent him by his parents, finally receiving a loan from them and investing it after much cautious consideration in apartment houses in San Francisco.

He has repaid the loan and is now in his own estimation well-established, owning four large apartment houses and a great many rooming houses. Telling me that he still thinks "those radicals" are essentially correct I asked him if he believes in closed shops for union labor and he said he would gladly take a loss to put the country on its feet as only closed shops in all kinds of labor would do. But that it is foolish for Labor to expect any ~~x~~ but an insignificant percent of Capital to see around the corner and be willing to do this.

He has no love for his native country, it being, in his own words "one of the most uninteresting countries in the world today."

Handwritten text in Arabic script, likely a manuscript or letter. The text is written in a cursive style and is mostly illegible due to extreme blurring. The page appears to be a single sheet of paper with a light background.

150 944

11.7.
66

Dr. Paul Radin.

The subject of this narrative is a native of Sweden.

He was born a short distance from Göteborg, where he attended school up to the age of fifteen after which he sailed with his father trading mostly in the North Sea among the neighboring countries.

After five years in the North Sea he decided to extend his trips to warmer climates and he signed with the Olsen Steamship Company to go as oiler's helper on their routes to South America. On his second trip he received his papers as oiler and then extended his trips to Australia and before long in which route he continued for five years. On the last trip about two hundred miles off the coast of China they picked up a derelict and towed it into the Port of Hongkong for which the crew received ninety-two dollars apiece prize money, which was cheerfully

received as they were then only getting thirty five dollars a month.

Upon his return he joined the Luckenbach line at Liverpool, and extended his route to South America, China and the west coast of the United States. This time he signed as oiler for one year and it was their good luck to land at Freckland just a year and a day from the time of their signing up and they all walked off the vessel and demanded their time and according to the maritime law they had to be paid until they were returned to their home port after the expiration of their time. As the vessel was bound for the United States they were paid while in port for five months and two weeks at five dollars per day. He said that was the best piece of luck he has ever had.

On his voyages to the China seas he encountered many typhoons and monsoons but the sailors dreaded the latter the most. A vessel -

would be raised on the crest of a terrific sea and then into a valley of water a hundred feet below and one would think the vessel would be torn to pieces.

Upon his next trip he joined an English Company also coming to the west coast of the United States but only signed for the trip and was discharged at San Francisco, since which time he has made this his home port. He was here at the time of the world war and made several trips to New York where they took wooden vessels that had been made here for transport service. When they arrived at New York they were allowed their fare to return to San Francisco and five dollars per day for five days. He sold his ticket for thirty five dollars and lived back on another vessel, thus being paid their fare and time and working their way back.

BB. this time they were getting eighty one dollars an oiler which continued until the big

strike of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty Eight, since which time they have not received ~~for~~ more than one half that amount.

He says the conditions for the seafaring men are very poor at the present time.

He has sailed all seas and climes and he believes there is no port like that of San Francisco.

①
63
Mrs. X was born in Gottenborg Sweden in 1863. Her father was a cabinet maker and her mother a Governess. Her folks brought her to this country in 1868. Her father made a good living in Sweden at his trade, as he was a first class cabinet maker. They landed in Boston Mass. and lived there about a year. Her father done odd jobs making a living. In 1869 they moved to San. Francisco Calif. her father getting a job in a planing mill working at his trade. Mrs. X started to school at the age of 9. She quit school at the age of 15 years finishing one year of high school. Her father made a comfortable living for his family although he was always a heavy drinker and saved a very little. He died in 1888 leaving his wife and daughter with but very little money. Mrs. X was married when 16 years old and had a baby girl at seventeen years of age. She was ~~divorced~~ divorced when 18 years of age. She went on the stage at 18 years of age and traveled with a road show for a number of years. She was married the second time in 1885 at the age of 22. Her husband was a well known Theatrical producer. She had a baby daughter in 1886. She stayed in the show business with her husband and traveled all over

③ a comfortable living. about a year ago she was
laid off with several more from this hospital staff.
The daughter applied for and received relief
for her mother and her self and is getting in
a few hours work under the S. E. R. A. working
as a nurse in the San Francisco hospital.
Mrs. X is now to old to work being 72 years old
but she is still plenty spry.

Submitted by

Wm G Perrin

1328 California St

Alvar Johanson was born in Göteborg Sweden in 1904 his father & mother working in a large textile mill there & after he completed school he also went to work there, but he didn't like to stay in the one place all his life so he went to live in Blackholm where he worked in a match factory. This job didn't suit him very good either so he got work on a Swedish passenger boat as a steward, this job suited him fine & made numerous trips to America the Orient & South America. He returned ^{home} after 4 yrs of this & again went to work in the textile mill for about a year but the sea called him again & returned on a liner running between Sweden & New York. In 1925 he decided to stay in the U.S. & went to work in a club in New York for a year but the old devil sea got him again this time on a container run between New York & S.F. After two or three trips he jumped ship in S.F. got jobs in various hotels & clubs in the East Bay & at the present time is a chauffeur for a rich Piedmont family.

Informant--Swedish
Collected by--O.A. Morris

1. Original profession not stated

2. Father was a farmer

3. Born in Sweden in 1882

4. Arrived in U.S. in 1900

5. Learned upholstery trade

Owned a furniture store & upholstery establishment

Sold the business in 1930 & went to work
for the purchaser

Now works only a few hours a week

6. Owned furniture business & sold it in 1930

7. Worked all year then for last 10 years &

"see in hope of improving my
condition"

8. Workers must again receive a wage that will
enable him to buy both necessities & luxuries
before we can put business back on
its feet

Will never return to conditions of early 1929
country has anti-trust situation that
made those conditions possible

Do not believe NRA solution of American
business problems

believes entire change in the economic
set-up & wage system essential to
recovery

10. Came to U.S. "to seek better conditions"

11. Citizen

12. Language in home not mentioned

13. Nothing; and about extent of Americanization

66

Report by O A Morris
2112 Union street.

Henning Pearson,
Aged 52,
Born in Sweden,
Naturalized.
1328 Fell street.

Mr. Pearson came to America at the age of 18, "to seek better conditions in what I believed was a land of opportunity."

His parents were farmers. He learned the upholstery trade, and until 1929 or 1930 had no difficulty in obtaining employment. He believes he was better off financially up to 1930 than he would have been in his native country.

Mr. Pearson owned a furniture store and upholstery establishment in the 2200 block of Union street at the beginning of 1930. He sold the business and went to work for the purchaser, serving as an upholsterer and finisher. "I am better off, working only a few hours a week for the man who bought me out," Mr. Pearson says, "than I would have been remaining in business for myself."

This intelligent gentleman does not believe NRA is the solution of America's business problems. He believes an entire change in the economic setup and wage system are essential to recovery. "Not until the worker again receives a wage that will enable him to buy both necessities and luxuries," Mr. Pearson says, "can we hope to put business back on its feet. We will never return to conditions of the early part of 1929 because the country has outlived the situation that made those conditions possible."

"I am better off in America today than certain of my relatives are in Sweden. But I am much worse off financially than I have been for the last ten years, and I see no hope of improving my condition."

---#---

1934
1052

Swedish.

Sweden, that rugged North European country produces as hardy and enduring a race of people as can be found anywhere in the world.

To be a good lumber-jack, one must possess these qualities to a marked degree in order to meet the constant test of strength which has to be met; all of these, a Swede possesses, and so, -George.

By chance, I encountered George on Howard street, colloquially known as " skid road." Bluntly, this raw boned specimen of manhood related to me from whence he came and how, when, and where.

Born in Gefve on the gulf of Bothnia, which borders Sweden on the Northeast, George spent the first fifteen years of his life ^{here} being the eldest of three boys, his father being a fisherman. Attending school for five years, he then went to work for his father, assisting him with the catch untill the latter's death in nineteen hundred and fifteen. Left an orphan, his mother having died when he was ten years of age, George became discouraged, so it was that he and his brother decided to come to America, the wonders of which had always interested him. They engaged passage as seamen on a Swedish freighter and departed from Stockholm in December nineteen hundred and fifteen via the Panama canal, direct for California. Six weeks enroute their first landing was at Eureka, California where they were to take on a cargo of redwood lumber, the object of the trip. It was while in the Northern Redwood Empire that he and his brother decided to remain as woodsmen were then in great demand. Both brothers spent fifteen years in and around the great mills and forests of this section, namely Scotia, Korbel and the Little River Lumber company. Recently he returned to San Francisco from McCloud where he was employed in the large mills of the section.

Five years ago, his brother returned to the old country.
At present George is unemployed and was at the time I met up with
him looking for employment at the numerous agencies on Howard street,
where brawn is an essential requisite.

Mr. X.

68

San Francisco Jan 24-98

L84

129

Came to the U. S. when quite young from Sweden, secured employment as a domestic in the City of New York. Later she came to San Francisco where she married, the result of this union was three children two girls and one boy. One daughter married a Minister and is living in the City of Boston. The other daughter married in this City and has one child a boy, her husband died a few years ago. The wife is now teaching school in one City and supporting her young son. The son of Mrs. X graduated from H. C. in the profession of dentistry and is practicing his profession in the City of Los Angeles. He is married and has two children.

Mrs X married the second time
and is considered in a comfortable
financial position, her income
coming from rentals of some
flat and property left her
by the first husband who
was a sea captain of
swedish birth

Mrs. X. was somewhat reluctant
in giving this information, as
she stated she being a citizen
of this U. S. should not be required
to answer questions. But after
explaining to her that it was
not concerning her citizenship
or any thing of a personal
nature and that her name
or address would not be used
she was in a more receptive
mood. Regarding her coming to this ^{country}

III
Mrs. X. It was of the opinion
of her parents her future life
would be more secure from
a financial standpoint.

Her reaction regarding the U. S.
is along the line of too much
taxes and she thinks the Swedish
Government looks after their
people in a better ^{way} in which
she seemed quite unable to
explain. She of course likes
the U. S. but thinks there is
too much extravagance in
politics here and the main
cause of our depression.

Mrs. X. Is past sixty years of
age. Strong and healthy.

H. L. Gonyea

Mrs. A came to the United States from Sweden when she was quite young, secured employment as a domestic in the city of New York. Later she came to San Francisco where she married; the result of this union was three children, two girls and one boy. One daughter married a minister and is living in the city of Boston. The other daughter married in this city and has one child, a boy; her husband died a few years ago. The wife is now teaching school in our city and supporting her young son. ^{Mrs. X's son} He graduated from the University of California in the profession of dentistry and is practicing his profession in Los Angeles. He is married and has two children. Mrs. X. is married for the second time and is considered to be in a comfortable financial condition, her income deriving from rentals of some flats and properties left her by the first husband who was a sea-going man of Swedish birth.

Mrs. X was somewhat reluctant in giving this information, as she stated that, being a citizen of these United States, she should not be required to answer questions. But after explaining to her that it was not concerning her citizenship or anything of a personal nature and that her name and address would not be used, she was in a more receptive mood. She came to this country because it was the opinion of her parents that ~~she~~ her future life would be more secure

from a financial standpoint if she were in America.

Her reaction regarding the United States is along the line of too much taxes, and she thinks the Swedish government looks after its people in a better way. In which way she seemed quite unable to explain. She of course likes the United States but thinks there is too much extravagance in politics here, and the main ~~XXXXXXXX~~ cause of our depression.

Mrs. X. is past sixty years of age, strong and healthy.

Sweden

Mr. O. came to America in 1896 at the age of twenty-one years. He was born in Oslo, Sweden, and in his early life in Sweden he worked with his father as a helper in the fisheries of the land of his birth. His father and mother prospered in a small way in their thrift and constant efforts of his father in the fishing industry. There were two boys in the family, the other boy remaining in Sweden.

Mr. O. left for America because of the good reports he had so many times heard of the opportunities in the United States. On arriving here he procured work on the Atlantic coast with a fishing concern and for a few years followed this line of work. He later came to the west coast where he has since lived, following one line of work and another until he finally returned to fishing on the Pacific Coast. He ~~was~~ ~~was~~ very successful working for some time as a mate on a boat and later he acquired a boat of his own. For years he has fished from California to Alaska.

He is a citizen of this country and feels his immigration to the United States was a very good move on his part. After a number of years in America he married into his own group over here, and now has three children, two boys and one girl, all of whom are now attending school.

Mr. O. does not show any particular interest in his native country, and he thinks the United States is by far the better place to live. He states that from the reports he has from the land of his birth, a person can make a living there

Benar Jensen born in this country. The child of working class parents, born in Sweden his mother belonged to the mill to do hand work class but defied her parents, married a penniless young man and set out for America. It was not many years however, before the young husband in the course of operating some machine was severely injured and remained invalid the rest of his life.

It devolved upon the mother to support the family now consisting of four children. Knowing nothing else she naturally turned to domestic service which ^{at first} yields but a pitiable existence. However, by looking for short term boarding schools with it at the time among poor families she managed to keep her little brood together and see that they received a fairly good education. As soon as they were old enough of course the children began to contribute, and the older boy by kind of hard work became a marine engineer.

Benar is a stationary engineer and now works in a parking plant operated by a large monopoly concern that controls the parking in various places.

industry from coast to coast. He works about four days a week and often when he goes to work in the cold gray dawn he is informed that he cannot work today. The owners of the tools of production do not even consider it incumbent upon themselves to inform their slaves that they need not report next day. And if on a day that they are expected to work they do not report they lose their jobs. This is a wise state of affairs but it is a widespread custom on these days of unemployment. Oscar and many like him consider himself lucky to be able to serve such inconsiderate masters, and is grateful for the meagre paycheck he receives at the end of the week, which is hardly equal to what his mother was able to command as a domestic slave. His mother is proud of his achievement and ability, which is itself in doubt, but she is as sensible as he in the matter of keeping the boss pacified, and neither of them resent the spending of money. He is told that there is no work today. His earnings are not sufficient to keep even himself and both he and his mother live with his married sister which makes it possible

for them to live decently.

I see the general strike. The packing plants made an effort to keep going with strike-breaking trucks. But the strike was so successful that they had to close. This threw Oscar and his kids out of work. But instead of blaming the employers and their slave-wage system for their days without work and without pay, the Oscars blame the workers who struck for higher wages and decent living conditions. The Oscars cannot see that their fight is the fight of the workers and not with their common enemy the boss.

But one morning when the Oscars reported for work in the gray dawn of the "General Strike" they were not told that there is no work today. Instead they were told to go down to the waterfront at a certain point between Berkeley and Oakland where a boat waited to take them to the ships across the bay. In this way they could earn more in a week than they had in a month of regular employment. It was good news for the Oscars, and did they respond?

Today Oscar and his Mother live in an apartment of their own and have a car. It was a profitable summer.

But his brother who is a married man with the same slave-psychology did not prosper so well. He was willing to sell out his brother workmen for the boss. He was dropped on the carpet in his local and expelled for strike-breaking.

His mother who by poverty and grueling labor is a bent old woman before her time cannot understand why they should treat her son like this. He was only thinking of saving his job, and now he is jobless, expelled from the union and forced to seek employment in some other line, but the fear of the scab goes with him.

115

Dear Lyndon —
Sweetest & Sister's brother

— Luc McFarlane

*Swedish
woman's daughter*

I was trained to do all kinds of housework, sewing and particularly cooking. After I was out of school and had to support myself I went out as a family cook. For a while I did this, becoming adept in cooking. Then I had a place working in the Royal Palace, and my cooking was liked. After a time I knew some people coming to America because they could get better wages for their work over here, and so I came too, and located in Seattle. I knew almost no English, but I tried very hard and finally got so I could understand perfectly even before I could say all I wished in English.

I had no trouble in securing good places for \$60 and more per month, with all my living supplied. I can cook anything in the nicer ways, and I know how to serve, to arrange course, etc.

After I had been here a few years I met a Swedish man whom I married. He was working as a lumberman in one of the big lumber mills in the Northwest, on Puget Sound near Seattle. We bought us a little cottage home in this lumber town near the mills and after a while we had a child. Then things did not go so well and finally I had to leave my husband, or rather he went off and left me.

This was a bad situation, as I had the child and no income as my husband left me nothing, simply departed. I could not leave the baby to go back to work.

Fortunately my brother had come over in the meantime and was doing well in a job close by. He came to see me and I told him my situation, and that the house was not paid for. I also

had some good friends in Seattle, where I worked for years previous to my marriage. I went in to tell this lady about my troubles.

My brother said if I would get a divorce from my husband, and settle the matter of the house, so he could not take it away from me, he would take a room with me, and make the payments and help me until the child was older and things were in better condition.

So my brother made this good offer. Then the husband of the lady for whom I worked in Seattle was a lawyer and said he would get me a divorce, which he did. With the help of my brother and this lady I was able to get on my feet again. Finally I arranged to work some outside my home even while the child was small. Later I took some boarders, and with my brother's help lived very comfortably until my boy was large enough to leave.

I was quite ill about the time of this trouble, but now I am well again and very thankful. I like America and never think of returning to Sweden unless it would be for a visit.

When I was twenty-four years old I left Sweden. At the time, I was working in one of the big saw-mills. This was in 1888 and at that time nothing had been done towards the betterment of the workers' condition. We were utterly at the mercy of the employer. We worked as many hours as he saw fit, and at whatever salary the employer felt that he could afford to pay. There were probably employers who might want to pay their workers more but if they did they would be unable to sell their wares as cheaply as their competitor. It was a hopeless condition for the worker.

Many of my young friends had left the country and most of them had gone to America. I had received letters from them and they all described America in glowing terms. I was young and free. I had not married. I now began thinking seriously of emigrating. At least I wanted to get out of Sweden. I was not quite decided on where I wanted to go. I had enough money to get to America and this seemed to be the biggest adventure. I went directly to Chicago and here I came in contact with several fellows that I had known in Sweden. I got into the building trade in Chicago and worked my way from being a carpenter's helper until I was an independent contractor. During this time there was a regular building boom on. Everywhere new buildings, stores, homes, etc. were being built. I kept mostly to the building of family flats. These were either two or four flat buildings, each flat consisting of 4-5-6 rooms. They

more ordinary workingman's home. But I was able to make good ^{in the} money/contrasting business. I had now married and I had a very nice home. I married a Swedish girl who had only been here a short time. I was able to give my five children a far better education and start in life than I had had. America to me has always seemed the land of opportunity. My experience here during the years of my active life was favorable. I came here with nothing, I had no one to help me, I did not know the language, I had no education to speak of. In fact I have known men who came over from the old country and they could hardly write their own names and yet they were able to become financially successful. These same men made good "bosses" and were able to get others to work for their benefit and many of them were able to accumulate small fortunes.

I have never been back to Sweden, not even for a visit. When I was younger I was always too busy and now I am too old. But I would be interested in seeing the old country now, remembering what it was nearly a half century ago.

L. S. Hagopian

Nov. 15, 1935.

~ 1 ~

In this country there are quite many Swedish people, who have come from Sweden; the land of natural picturesque beauty; the land, where the sun's heat is not so intense; the land, where people lead a peaceful & contented life.

The majority of the people have fair skin, light hair & blue eyes. Their occupation is mostly agriculture, cattle raising, farming, hunting, fishing, etc. They lead a free life with their peculiar customs and traditions. The Swedish as well as the Norwegians are satisfied if they have a cottage to live in, a farm, a few cows and goats and some pigs and chickens; including of course some domestic animals, such as, the horse, the dog and the cat. Some of them have a few acres of land, where they can grow all kinds of vegetables. They usually have large families.

This time, I am going to relate the life story of a Swedish friend; who comes from a large family, consisting of five boys and six girls. Her name is Elizabeth. She is the third child of the family.

L. S. Hagopian

- 2 -

Sweden

Elizabeth was a fearless child. She was not afraid to climb trees hills or mountains. One day she had wandered away from home with her brother and climbed a mountain, a jagged cliff near the sea. They were sitting in a dangerous spot. A careless step would cause a fatal fall! Just then a steamer passed by. The captain saw the children, he felt uneasy about them. He knew their parents, so at once, he notified them to save their lives. Thus, they were saved.

Elizabeth attended the parish school of Stockholm and later learned sewing by working with her aunt, who was a dress maker.

Her eldest brother, James, had come over to San Francisco already. Once, he went back to see his folks. He asked Elizabeth if she wanted to go back with him to America. Elizabeth was too glad to accept the offer. Her brother is a captain, pilots some steamer from San Francisco to New-York. He is married to a wealthy American girl. They live very happily, although they have no children.

Elizabeth had a hard time when she first came over here. She went to evening schools and boarded with a nice American family in order to learn the language. She did all the household duties learning the ways of this country; especially American ways of cooking & housekeeping. She found very hard to use the mop to clean the floor. It seemed easier for her to go on her knees and scrub the floor. She learned there discipline and order. That is to do the work in such an order and by such methods, so as to save time and labor. So in a short time she could speak the language quite fluently.

Later, as she knew sewing, Elizabeth got an employment in a custom Tailor's shop. She did general hand sewing and made the button holes. Some time after, she applied for work in a factory; where they manufactured gent's corduroy and flannel pants. She still works there and is one of the expert pocket makers. She is experienced in every line. No matter how slow the business she always has something to do.

L. L. Hagopian

- 4 -

Elizabeth got married in 1921. Her husband, Mr. Abrams comes from a decent Jewish family that have settled long time ago. He is now about 40 years old, born in San Francisco. Therefore he is a citizen by birth. They are both good citizens and take great interest in the welfare of this country.

They have a nine year old son whose name is Harold. They are both very fond of him and try to bring him up as a good citizen. Mr. Abrams is a well educated man. At first he used to work in the Post Office as Clerk. He had a very good position. Somehow he got tired of this work and wanted a change. They had saved some money, so they bought a Cleaning and Dyeing Store. Mr. Abrams kept up that business for several years. He was successful. They saved enough money and bought a home, furnishing it with up to date furniture. Later, he sold that store with a profit and started another one.

In the meantime Elizabeth, as soon as her child was four years old, put him in the day home and went back to work. So they both work and have not known what is depression.

Elizabeth is typical Swedish in appearance. She is about 37 with moderate stature. She has a fair complexion with blue eyes. She is kind and sociable. If she had a chance to be educated in this country, she would have better opportunities; whereby to become useful to the community in many ways. With her incomplete education she talks very intelligently. Because she reads a lot of books, magazines etc. She fairly reads the local newspapers and is well informed with everyday's affairs. In her mind she keeps up with the times and improves herself and her household accordingly. She likes to dance and play cards for recreation.

Mr. & Mrs. Abram, as good citizens, have to become very useful to their community in many ways. It is good to have many more citizens like them in this country.

Sweden

The subject of this narrative is a native of Sweden.

He was born a short distance from Goteberg, where he attended school up to the age of fifteen, after which he sailed with his father trading mostly in the North Sea and among the neighboring countries.

After five years in the North Sea he decided to extend his trips to warmer climes and he signed with the Olsen Steamship Company to go as oiler's helper on their routes to South America. On his second trip he received his papers as oiler and then extended his trips to Australia and China in which route he continued for five years. On the last trip about two hundred miles off the coast of China they picked up a derelict and towed it into the port of Hongkong for which the crew received ninety-two dollars a piece prize money, which was cheerfully received as they were then only getting thirty-five dollars a month.

Upon his return he joined the Luckenbach Line at Liverpool, and extended his route to South America, China and the west coast of the United States. This time he signed as oiler for one year and it was their good luck to land at Auckland just a year and a day from the time of their signing up and they all walked off the vessel and demanded their time and according to the maritime law they had to be paid until they were returned to their home port after the ~~expiry~~ expiration of their time. As the vessel was bound for the United States they were paid while in port for another five months and two

weeks at five dollars per day. He said that was the best piece of luck he has ever had.

On his voyages to the China seas he encountered many typhoons and monsoons but the sailors dreaded the latter the most. A vessel would be raised on the crest of a terrific sea and then thrown into a valley of water ~~xx~~ a hundred feet below and one would think the vessel would be torn to pieces.

Upon his next trip he joined an English Company also coming to the west coast of the United States, but he only signed for the trip and was discharged at San Francisco. Since that time he has made this his home port. He was here at the time of the world war and made several trips to New York where they took wooden vessels that had been made here for transport service. When they arrived at New York they were allowed their fare to return to San Francisco and five dollars per day for five days. He sold his ticket for thirty-five dollars and sailed back on another vessel, thus being paid his fare and time, and working his way back.

By this time they were getting eighty-five dollars as oilers which continued until the big strike of 1928, since which time they have not received more than one half that amount.

He says the conditions for the sea-faring men are very poor at the present time.

He has sailed all seas and ~~xxxxxx~~ climes and he believes there is no port like that of San Francisco.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE HISTORY OF ARTS

THE HISTORY OF ARTS

THE HISTORY OF ARTS

THE HISTORY OF ARTS

THE HISTORY OF ARTS

THE HISTORY OF ARTS

THE HISTORY OF ARTS

THE HISTORY OF ARTS

THE HISTORY OF ARTS

THE HISTORY OF ARTS

THE HISTORY OF ARTS

THE HISTORY OF ARTS

THE HISTORY OF ARTS

THE HISTORY OF ARTS

THE HISTORY OF ARTS

THE HISTORY OF ARTS

THE HISTORY OF ARTS

THE HISTORY OF ARTS

THE HISTORY OF ARTS

THE HISTORY OF ARTS

THE HISTORY OF ARTS

THE HISTORY OF ARTS

THE HISTORY OF ARTS

1
Born in Stockholm - Sweden - and after
leaving school - went to work - in a
Hotel Kitchen to learn to be a cook -
and my father was head chef -
after working under my father for
three years - was sent to Paris France
to finish my education as a chef
especially - in the Pastry line -
usually - any chef who wants to be-
come a head chef or an artist
and expert in the culinary line
usually - serves his apprenticeship
for several years - in either Paris
London or Vienna - after more
three and half years in - Paris
as chef of one of the large hotels
of San Francisco was in Paris -
looking for new ideas in dishes
etc - while talking to my head
chef here, he mentioned - that
he could use a good pastry
chef

Chief - my head chief - said
 he had a young man here from
 Stockholm who had just about
 finished his course and that
 he recommended highly - I was
 sent for introduced - and after
 a few days was accepted - and
 went with this chief to America
 and landed in San Francisco
 and have worked at this
 same Hotel ever since -
 and am most happy and
 satisfied - never been getting
 rich - but am able to work
 and I guess for many years yet
 I have worked 27 years at
 this one Hotel - have raised
 a nice family - and have a
 nice nest egg and good
 insurance over my own home.
 As for the affairs - of the Country
 really don't know much about
 them - even in my capacity -
 don't get in touch much
 with high finance and the
 world - except what I read
 in most of the newspapers

(3)

With what they want and have
they want - can't believe hardly
any of it -

Of course my line of business has
changed - in these past 25 years
the biggest ~~the~~ set back the
fasting line - has gotten has
been these diets - 25 years ago
I have three assistants to-day
I have one - for this big
Institution - 25 years ago - hardly
a meal - was considered
correct - for with out a piece
of fasting - or pie of some kind
to finish off with to-day this is
almost nil - you would be
surprised - had little fasting
me sell each day - of course
don't misunderstand me -

there are tremendous amounts of
cakes and pies eaten - as much as

is Ice Cream and ices - but
not among the so-called
social people or the better
off folks - the women - all
want to keep their ~~hands~~ ^{figures}
figures - and but 3 the men
are forbidden fasty at lunch -
we have a tea here served
at a price Saturday - which
always includes 24c - and
90% of the cakes are returned
uneaten - that tells the story
the only time we sell lots
of ice cream is when we have
a big Banquet and the
room that - it is served
a meal finish off for a meal
and - 29 out of 100 will not
eat ~~the~~ ^{ice cream} ice cream
and fasty - engine has a
fire and disint - even if
conditions were better there
would be - no more fasty
eaten - its the Vogue in there

Class of Hotels ^{go to} our chef he
will tell you too - we sell ~~the~~
his meat each day - Salads
are becoming - a bigger lunch
dish each day - lunch even
among the wisest class - is be-
coming less quantity each day -
now I myself eat my big
meal at noon - for I believe it
best - for digestion and to burn
it up - you see after lunch
one sleeps on working - but
at night - dinner time - if you
eat your big meal - as a rule
you go to bed with it not
half digested - for all one does
after dinner - is to sit at a
movie or show - play cards
or - put around - is that
not so - and dining out too
has also been fast becoming a
lost - pleasure - the repeated

hard most to do with this
especially in these big Hotels -
the better people stayed at home
to do their drinking - and
would not be in dining
rooms - more people were
drinking to get drunk - not
out just for a pleasant
evening - oh yes - these people
after a nice dinner would
order a (Baked Alaska)
a very fine dessert dessert was
before I find it was nothing
for sell it or serve it - and
I doubt if we get a call
once a month for one - and
its not only here its all over.
Go over and talk to the
new Commission man and he
will tell you the same.
He is a Russian and a nice fellow

John Mankin

600.

My reasons for coming to America were purely personal. By this I mean that my emigration was more of a momentary consideration. I believe now that I made a big mistake to emigrate. When I first came to America I got work as a mechanic in a garage and I received fairly good wages. I was always of a jovial and happy disposition and most of my wages went on drink and good times. I had many Swedish friends at that time who were glad to receive me, and who knew of my family in Sweden.

I lost my job in the garage and for the past four years I have had no work of any kind that was steady. Finally there was nothing at all to do. For the past year and a half I have been working as janitor and doing odd jobs in an apartment house. But I could never have lived on this work if it hadn't been for the kindness of the woman manager who has taken me in and given me a roof over my head and I am able to get a "drink" once in a while.

I do not believe that I shall ever return to Sweden or see any of my family again. I am now forty-five years old, but I feel that my life is at an end as far as any worth while effort is concerned. I want to go on living, however, as I have no grievance with life. It has given me a great deal and I have enjoyed it all. I do not like to talk too much about myself or personal affairs. But I had a good gift of speech and the ability to hold peoples' attention during the time that I was making my speaking tours in Sweden. And I enjoyed this public work and I really felt that it was a great and worth while object

in life to help my fellow-man. I was probably too weak in character to go very far in anything that would take much moral stamina. For a person of my character there is always something that comes along to trip him up.

My former life, my education, my family, my friends; these are all things of the past and I have no contact with them ~~what~~ whatsoever. But I still am able to get a "drink" once in a while and this is one of my greatest pleasures.

My reasons for coming to America were purely personal. By this I mean that my emigration was more of a momentary consideration. I believe now that I made a big mistake to emigrate. When I first came to America I got work as a mechanic in a garage and I received fairly good wages. I was always of a jovial and happy disposition and most of my wages went on drink and good times. I had many Swedish friends at that time who were glad to receive me, and who knew of my family in Sweden.

I lost my job in the garage and for the past four years I have had no work of any kind that was steady. Finally there was nothing at all to do. For the past year and a half I have been working as janitor and doing odd jobs in an apartment house. But I could never have lived on this work if it hadn't been for the kindness of the woman manager who has taken me in and given me a roof over my head and I am able to get a "drink" once in a while.

I do not believe that I shall ever return to Sweden or see any of my family again. I am now forty-five years old, but I feel that my life is at an end as far as any worth while effort is concerned. I want to go on living, however, as I have no grievance with life. It has given me a great deal and I have enjoyed it all. I do not like to talk too much about myself or personal affairs. But I had a good gift of speech and the ability to hold peoples' attention during the time that I was making my speaking tours in Sweden. And I enjoyed this public work and I really felt that it was a great and worth while object

in life to help my fellow-man. I was probably too weak in character to go very far in anything that would take much moral stamina. For a person of my character there is always something that comes along to trip him up.

My former life, my education, my family, my friends: these are all things of the past and I have no contact with them ~~now~~ whatsoever. But I still am able to get a "drink" once in a while and this is one of my greatest pleasures.

At the age of eighteen Mr. X came to America with his mother and a younger nephew. His mother at the time was almost sixty years old. They had emigrated from a small town on the eastern coast of Sweden. The father was dead. The mother of the young nephew, an only sister, had died a year or two before while they were still in Sweden. Most of their money went for the transportation over here. The mother had a little left over so that they weren't absolutely destitute on their arrival. But as soon as they had safely arrived it was up to the son to get out and find something to do to support the family. The son was tall and thin, not a muscular person. He was a great deal like his mother, wiry and tenacious. He got work as a baker and in this trade he worked a great deal at night. It wasn't long before they bought a small home. It was rather far out but he rode his bicycle to and from work. They had a large plot of ground around the house and during a part of each day he worked in the garden until the place was a-bloom and green with flowers, shrubs, and a lawn over the front yard. He was especially fond of roses. During the summer the yard was filled with yellow and red and white roses. Wherever he went he would always ~~xx~~ present his friends with huge bouquets of flowers from his garden.

He was a strong socialist when he first came to ~~this~~ this country and he was also interested in the more radical groups and was an active and enthusiastic worker among them. As he grew older, about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old, he began to lose interest in mass movements. He became impatient with people. He was developing into a strong individualist.

25 25

His schooling had only included the elementary school in Sweden but he had always been an omniverous reader and more of the student type. Intellectually he felt himself to be a self-made man and was inclined to be impatient with others who didn't progress like himself. As he became more individualistic his wish was for muscular strength. With the help of Bernard Mac Fadden's physical culture books he proceeded to build up his physical prowess. He also gave up his work as a baker and found work in a brick-yard. This was more to his liking because it was out-door work and gave him the muscular exercise that he wanted. But he continued to be the lean and lanky type. One of his pet grievances was his first name. It was too namby-pamby and too biblical to suit him and during this time he decided to change it into something more suitable and to his liking. His ideal personality at this time was Petronius, the Roman esthete. And he was going to follow the example of Petronius even ^{unto} ~~unto~~ death. At the age of forty-five my friend had planned to step out of life in the most graceful way that he could think of as he felt that after the age of forty-five no one should continue to live. He was most emphatic on this idea. (By this time I am sure he has changed his mind on this point.) His naturally artistic temperament was somewhat chilled and inhibited by a puritanical background, or perhaps it was the frigidity of the north. But his efforts and abilities were all towards creative expression. He sang, that is, in group singing. He also wrote poetry and was rated as a good poet for his poems and his work was becoming well-known in the Swedish newspapers. During all this time he used to send in contributions of poetry, letters, etc.

He didn't make any money with his poetry but he had found his creative work and he had his half-day job at the brickyard. He was no spendthrift and the little he made kept the family going. He spent very little on himself except for books. He counted his money very carefully from a small coin-purse that he always carried in his pocket. There was no flashing of bills or carelessness in the handling of the money that went through his hands. Their home was small and plain. It wasn't always kept in very good order. The mother was old and feeble and it was only with the greatest effort that she could do the ordinary work around the house. But he had his own room which was arranged according to his own taste and which he kept in perfect order. Here he had his books and desk. This room was his pride. It was a sanctuary to him. Here, with his poetry and his books, was his whole life and expression. He had struggled on alone and unaided to this goal. His art was not the spontaneous, free, and easy expression that some artists have but it had to be freed and grappled from the hardness of his environment and his own nature. By this time he had become a full-fledged type of rugged individualist. Through difficulties and through his own striving he had managed to create a place where he could identify himself. He had shaped his surroundings to comply with his needs.

When I say that he had molded his environment into what he wished it to be, it ~~was~~ isn't quite true. There was always a terrible clash between his mother and himself. He could hardly speak a civil word to her. Although she was old and extremely feeble, she was still able to hold her own ground in battle

pretty well. This wasn't the ordinary circumstances when youth and age clash through the impatience on the part of the younger, but there was such a bitterness and hatred between these two that it was like the snarling and clashing between wild animals. I was forced into sympathy with the mother because she was the older and weaker of the two. But I often wondered what was at the bottom of such bitter hatred and such terrible clashing of personalities.

The nephew was the direct opposite of his uncle in every way. He was the gangster type and he caused both his uncle and grandmother a great deal of worry and anxiety. He was the type that rode in six-day bicycle races or drove up the side of a mountain in motor-cycle contests. Between these two, the wild nephew and her own son, the old lady didn't have a very happy or peaceful old age. But she was a good scrapper and not easily intimidated. She kept each of them pretty well in hand although at times she became utterly exhausted and would have to take to her bed for days. Their home on the outside was neat as a pin. There was an "old country" air about the place that made it seem homelike and attractive and it looked different from the carelessly kept yards that made up the rest of the street on which they lived. There were many children living around the neighborhood and mischievous boys ran wild all over the street. Here, too, the old lady showed herself a far better scrapper than her son. She would go out and with clinched fists and shrill voice battle with the youngsters who were always throwing stones into the garden or in some way trying to damage what had been carefully cultivated and put in order. The

mother lived until the ripe old age of eighty-five years and during her life time she easily ruled as far as the home and house were concerned. As long as she was alive no younger woman could ever have stepped in there and taken her place away from her. It was a battle to the very end for her. But she clung tenaciously to life, no matter how hard and bitter it was. The son never married but he had a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. He received a great deal of fan mail because of his poetry and writing, and the last time I saw him he was enclosing a pressed white rose in a letter to one of his admirers.

Yes 49 62

When my oldest sister was nineteen and I was eighteen, an uncle in America wanted my grandmother and grandfather to come to Seattle, where he was then living. My grandmother was seventy years old at the time and my grandfather was about the same age. It was a very long trip for them to undertake, but they were both in good health, and they decided to leave Sweden. They were going to take my older sister along and as I didn't want to be separated from her, I was allowed to come with them. It was a big event in our lives when we said good-bye to all our school mates and friends. I was sorry to leave my father and younger sisters, but we felt certain that we would see each other again.

We arrived in Seattle. My grandparents were soon settled in a small place of their own. This place was in the city, but my grandmother kept a cow and some chickens. She lived as much as possible in the same way she had lived in the old country, but she never felt quite at home in America. She lived in Seattle ten years before her death. My grandfather died there three years before she passed away.

While we were in Seattle my sister went to a business college. She then got a job in an office, and has been doing this same kind of work ever since. I didn't care much for office work, nor had I any special aptitude for study. What I really wanted to do was to learn to dance and go on the stage, but this was out of the question. Even in my own mind it seemed too far-fetched; besides, I don't know that I had any particular talent. So I did house work; and I was a good and willing worker when I felt like it. I got fairly good wages plus my board and room. I was able to dress very well and to have a good time. I met a great many Swedish fellows but I didn't marry. I only cared for one. He was a red-headed Swede, who had come to

America from the same part of Sweden that I came from. But he was not the marrying kind. My sister and I stayed in Seattle as long as my grandmother was alive. I always went out to see her on my day off. She would have missed ~~this~~ us terribly if we had not been there. In the mean time we had been able to send my next youngest sister the fare so she was now with us here in Seattle. She worked as I did, at house work, but after about two years she married; her husband was also Swedish.

After the death of my grandmother, my older sister and I came down to San Francisco. We had both relatives and friends here. My sister was still doing office work and soon found work here. I got work in a wholesale company as a stock clerk. I helped with almost everything around the place, packing and shipping, etc. I liked this work, it was not fussy or particular; I worked in this same place for twelve years. I worker there until the last two years, when the firm went under, and everyone lost his job. I received \$130 a month for my work. The regular shipping clerk, a young man, received a salary of nearly \$250. I am sure that I did just as much and almost as heavy work as he did. But neither one of us had saved anything so that we were both just as well off financially after we lost our jobs. The shipping clerk, of whom I spoke, was married and had one child. They were paying about \$45 or \$50 for their apartment.

During this time my older sister had married but was divorced, and she now had a small baby to support. We were still living together in a three-room apartment. Both my sister and I were ~~xxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ working, so while the baby was small we had a woman take care of her during the week, and only had her home with us during the week-ends. As she grew older and went to school, we had her

at home with us.

I have had to go on~~e~~ relief the last six months, and I don't know just what will happen next. It seems so queer now to have no work at all. During the time when I was working we were so busy and worked so hard that we had no time, or were too tired, to do anything else but work -- we didn't even think. It seemed then that everything depended on going along at full speed, and we lived with little thought as we worked. I never want to work like that again. During the time that I was idle I tried working in a factory, making lampshades. This was piece-work and it was impossible to make anything at it. One could make two or three dollars a week if one were lucky. We had to be there at ~~8~~ eight in the morning, and wait for the work as it came along. I couldn't possibly waste carfare and time here. Then some one gave me the name and address of a manufacturer who was making apron-dresses, night-dresses, etc. I was supposed to take the work home, finish the pieces, and deliver them for twenty cents a piece. I couldn't possibly have made anything on them at this price, plus carfare and time to get the work and deliver it. This manufacturer did not seem to have any set prices for having his work done. He simply got it done as cheaply as possible, wherever he could find anyone who was desperate enough to take the work. My experience in trying to find work was very discouraging. I could have gone to work at four dollars per week as an apprentice sewing in a gown shop. I tried several factory jobs as a power-machine operator, but I could not qualify for speed. I was not an expert operator.

My father is still on his little farm in Sweden. My youngest

sister is married and she and her husband have taken over the place. My father is getting very old and I don't know whether I'll ever get to see him again. I would like to go back to visit my people.

Swedish.

L456

A hardy and virile race of people are the Swedes, which is largely attributed to the fact that the climate is severe and the country mountainous, both of which contribute towards ruggedness. Separated from Norway by a mountain chain and completely isolated from the rest of the world by water, Sweden, although limited in areas capable of cultivation, maintains a high commercial rating as well as an enviable social standard.

Gus spent the first fourteen years of his life in Gefla on the Baltic sea, the city of his birth. The eldest of a family of two boys and two girls all of whom are now dead with the exception of a brother who continues to reside in Sweden, Gus spent the early years of his life in attaining what schooling he could and assisting his father, who was a fisherman.

The call of the sea which is a natural desire of the Norsemen became such an obsession with Gus that he finally yielded to the impulse and obtained a seaman's job on a Swedish sailing vessel, which landed him in Sydney, Australia. Although still a youngster of fourteen, he was physically capable of performing the manifold duties expected of a sailor; so, after a brief sojourn in the famous Australian seaport, he continued his journey on across the Pacific to San Francisco with a different ship however.

Gus liked San Francisco immensely and figured that he would ultimately like to live here if he should ever have the good fortune in the future to settle in any particular spot, but for the time being at least he was to carry out his cherished ambition. Remaining here long enough to unload and load another cargo, his ship was soon under way again for South America, Eastern United States and European ports.

Now sixty-eight years of age, Gus has followed the sea all of his life, which has carried him all over the world, and what is more he still considers himself a good seaman and is ever on the lookout for a job. His dreams now realized, he resides here permanently, owning his home where he maintains a happy little family, being the father of two boys. Long since naturalized, Gus is an enthusiastic American.

SWEDE

Gus the old bartender-----

A round face with ruddy cheeks, twinkling pale blue eyes, a horse-like head with curly snow-white hair, his massive frame bent with the weight of 67 years... Old Gus sat on the edge of his cot and told me the highlights of his life in this country. (And many a good story.)

Born of humble parents in a fishing village on the coast of Sweden, his father and four older brothers were fishermen,-- "Fishertfolks" he called them. Being the youngest he did not get to go out with the boats, but had to stay at home and help his mother with work of the household, help cure and care for the catch and repair the nets and gear. He went to school several miles away part of the time and was taught by his mother who was a gentlewoman of some considerable education and presumably above her station in life as the wife of a fisherman. When he was about 12 years old his mother received a letter from her brother who had migrated to America a few years before and he became fired with a burning desire to go the Land of Promise----America.

A few months later the opportunity came. A great "Wind-gunner" sailing ship anchored in the bay to take on fresh water and supplies. It was bound for New York harbor. With consent of his mother, with a small bundle under his jacket and a few coins which she gave him as she bid him a tearful

good-bye. He stowed away on the sailing ship just before it sailed and was not discovered for two or three days, when well out to sea. The captain was a hard man as they were in those days, and when Gus was brought on deck he was lashed to the mast and flogged until he fainted, which Gus said wasn't long, for he was about half in from hunger and exposure. He was put to work in the cook's galley and before the voyage was over he was the captain's messenger boy, as his happy disposition, eagerness to please and efficiency in service soon won friends, as it did later in life.

Finally ashore--There were no immigration restrictions ~~quote~~ on Ellis Island inspection those days. He started out to look for his uncle, but he soon found that New York was even then a great city and his search was in vain. He found out in later years that his uncle had gone west to Minnesota, but he never saw him.

He found a job in a Big Beer Garden Saloon, cleaning up the place in the early morning and helping at night with serving of foods and the refreshments of that day average. Eagerly he learned English and the ways of America and soon became a favorite of the staff and customers. The owner of the place took an interest in him, gave him a Garret ~~bed~~ in his own home and set him to day school with his own children.

Gus says the next ten years were the happiest of his life. He became an expert Bartender, a favorite of the regular customers and finally was discovered by higher class

places and moved up and up until he reached the pinnacle of that then honored profession and was the head man in New York's the most popular Hotel--The Waldorf-Astoria. He saved his money--he took out citizen's papers, became a naturalized citizen of the United States, and about 30 years ago, hearing so much of the Golden West and the wonders of California and the glitter of San Francisco--its then greatest city, he came to the Golden Gate and has lived here eversince.

His reputations as a mixologist had proceeded him and his services were in demand and for the next 17 years he provided behind the polished mahogany of this city's most favored Bars, meeting in the then social freedom and comrades many of the ^{elite} alute and prominent influenced business men and politicals of that day, He was given confidential tips to buy little blocks of stock in this and that new project. Things were booming those days. He ventured, he won and soon acquired a daring that made him a stockholder of many good and paying stocks. He lived well at a good hotel. Drove a big high-powered car, had a summer country home in the Santa Cruz Mts., had many jovial friends and was highly satisfied with life.

When the Great Experiment, (Prohibition) was ushered in it wiped out his life's profession but not likemany, he did not turn to bootlegger. He had a good income from his various investments and stocks and enjoyed life at leisure for several years until the frenzy of stock speculations

Spends his time reading the classics ~~and~~ work of famous authors.

He sees the funny side of things about him and his sense of humor is refreshings. He loves a good story.

In the attached article about the Laguna Honda Home is one of his stories told to the writer on a visit to him a year ago---that shows the "other side".

L272

His father owned an iron foundry which had been in the family for several centuries.

Carl was apprenticed to his father in 1903 and worked with him for two years.

He became dissatisfied and in 1905 left home and went to Stockholm and after looking around for a couple of months he signed up on a sailing vessel bound for United States. For five years he followed the Sea, won his way to position of Mate on the ship he had been working on, also owned an interest in it.

In 1912 they landed in San Francisco with a cargo from South America and Carl decided to quite the Sea and sold his interest in the vessel and started to look for work.

He found work in a planing mill and worked there for three years when he asked his boss to give him a job that would enable him to go out as a salesman.

In 1916 he was sent out as salesman for his mill and made good at once.

In 1917 he married a girl from his own country and they now have three children.

He saved some of his money and in 1922 bought a one third interest in the business.

He is still doing the selling for his concern which seems to be surviving the depression.

He is now figuring on taking his family on a trip to Sweden just for a visit.

Says he wouldn't live anyplace but San Francisco.

125
This woman came into Judge Lazarus' Court with a complaint against her husband for non-support. We talked with her in the corridor after the Judge had signed the complaint.

"I was born in Kalimar, Sweden, and come to this country as a young girl. (She is now in her early forties.) I found work with a Swedish family in New York. I met a young fellow in New York shortly after I had come to this country. We kept company for some time, then we were married, and he decided to come out west. My husband worked in the sawmills at Spokane and Portland for a long time. He saved his money and came down here to San Francisco, where he bought me a home and he went into partnership with another fellow.

"My husband always had plenty of money after we came to San Francisco, but he would not tell me where he got it. Then one afternoon the police came to the house and told me my husband was dead, that he had been killed by gangsters. After I had buried my husband, I went to the police and told them I wanted them to find the gangsters who had killed my husband. The police would not pay any attention to me and the gangsters were never caught.

"A year after my husband had been killed I married another young fellow. This was about two years ago. He spent all my money and would not stay home nights. Now I want him arrested.

"No. My first husband was a Dane. He was born in Thisted, Denmark. He was a fine man, even though the police say he was a bootlegger.

"Yes. The house I live in is free of mortgage. I would not

borrow money on it, even to please my second husband. He is no good.

"Yes. He works sometimes on this S.E.R.A. but I don't get the money. Sure, I want him arrested and made to give me the money.

"No. He's not sick, just lazy.

"Sure, I pay the taxes on the house. I go out and work, but I don't tell those spying women from the Relief that I work.

"Are you a policeman, that you ask all these questions?"



... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

Thompson 13 miles from

from Golconda 1824.

father's office there

Wade Smith worker.

713

School 2 yrs from school

worked in timber mill for 2 yrs

Went to sea when 18 yrs old

Participated in various strikes & work

1881. Employed to C. & N. 1883

Went there about 1884 and remained

115

V. h/2 of a poor city dwellers in houses, many

W. D. Fore
2-23-37
Edit. Holland
2-2-37

48
—

RACIAL MINORITIES SURVEY - SWEDISH.

Jonas Magne Carlson, retired farmer living at 1503 Second Avenue, Los Angeles, was born at Mahado, Sweden, December 24, 1857, of a line of Swedish farmers, who also made their homes within the vicinity of Mohado. His father was Carl Carlson. Polson was the name of his grandfather on his father's side. The change in spelling, according to Jonas Carlson, is correct. His mother's Christian name was Christine. In trying to remember many things of his early life in Sweden, he could not recall his mother's surname. He was the fourth child in a group of 11 children.

Today, Jonas Carlson, despite his 80 years, is quite active. Hard at work in his front yard, spading up the soil around the rose bushes, he put the garden tool aside and led the way to his study. Seated at a large desk, with a telephone handy, he had hardly begun the story of his life before the bell rang. And then for five minutes he talked to some one about church committees, boards, and so forth, emphasizing occasionally with the denial that "something" was too heavy for him to lift. "No, no, that's not too heavy for me; I can lift it."

After coming to the United States, he married Helen Olsen of De Kalb, Ill., a native American girl of Swedish descent.

"That's the girl right there," he said, pointing out Mrs. Carlson, who was busy sweeping the house, and who was perhaps wondering if her husband was not trying to conciliate a lunatic who kept asking about a mother's lullabys, or lap songs, which might or might not have taken place in Sweden more than 75 years ago. The Carlsons have four children; Edgar C. (1885); Florence L. (1889); Ernest M. (1898); Albert L. (1899). The first two speak some Swedish, but not much.

"In Sweden," Jonas Carlson began his story, "we were farmers. Yes, I guess we belonged to the middle class. Certainly not to the 'haskop', or upper class. On a small farm--called a quarter 'hemmon' there--we raised livestock, including goats and sheep; small grain, and a garden. Chickens, too, of course, We had plenty to eat.

"From as far back as I can remember, I had to work hard around the home place. No time for much play. But when we did have a chance to play, we played hide-and-seek. In bowling we had a king and a queen, which if we were lucky enough to bowl one of them down, made a good count. There were lots of trees to climb. Hazelnut and fruit trees. Blueberries and currants grew wild. In season we would pick them for the market. Every fall I would go out with the older children.

"We had a very beautiful home back there, as I recall it. Instead of small rooms, the house had one large room--the living room--where the family would gather. Flowers were plentiful

W. D. Fore-
2-23-37
Edit. Holland-2-23-37

58
H.
Racial Minorities Survey
Swedish

in the yard. Lakes were numerous. Fishing with hook and line was the biggest sport. We also went rabbit hunting. I would go with my older brothers at every chance.

"The only pre-school training I got was religious training. What songs we sang, what stories we heard were hymns and parables of the Scriptures. The folks were Lutherans; I am a Lutheran. The home and the school were closely related to the church. There was no family group recreation except, of course, when we would celebrate on some widespread occasion. Instead of family group recreation, we had family group worship. Father's and mother's attitude toward us children was that we must work; that we must have and use common sense; that we must do a neighborly good turn at every opportunity; and that we must be religious. If you can make any philosophy of that--that was their philosophy. And it's mine still; I've never been of a mind to change it.

"In the big living room we read the Bible. At breakfast every morning father would ask grace. At night on going to bed we would kneel and say prayers, usually the Lord's Prayer.

"That my parents would see to it their teachings were put into practice, I recall an incident, typical of others, when I had tried to make an exception of the neighborly act.

"I was 6 or 7 years old. We had a neighbor woman next door who was not, as I understood it, a very good friend of ours. One day the woman asked me to do an errand for her. I refused flatly, on the ground that she was not a good neighbor.

W. D. Fore
2-2-37
Edit. Holland-2-23-37

42 19
Racial Minorities Survey
Swedish

The result was that mother gave me a good licking for not doing my duty.

"At another time when I was 9 or 10 years my curiosity got me into trouble. I was acting in the capacity of a sort of serf. The lady, who was one of the upper class, took me to make some trips with her, to take care of the horses, hold them, and such. At one of the stops the lady got out to attend to her business, and I went to the place where the hired help had quarters. Some men were sitting, sawing wood with a round saw. I thought it very interesting. To get a good look at the saw, I leaned over too far from my seat on a sofa and fell over, rolled against the saw, and cut a big wound in my head. Then I had to report to the lady of the house for treatment. Altogether I was gone from home one week.

"First day at school I was scared. The school was a wooden, frame building of two stories, two rooms down and two up. A Lutheran parochial school, it was situated close to the church. There were about four teachers. In my class were seven or ten pupils.

"School opened with group singing, prayers, and hymns. No heroes, outside the Bible. Other than Bible heroes for the younger students, heroes belonged to the classes in history, for the advanced students. I didn't get that far. I didn't in fact get much schooling in Sweden. The term ran for only three months during the year. In my class instruction was in Bible history and catechism.

W. D. Fore
2-23-37
Edit. Holland-2-23-37

Racial Minorities Survey
Swedish

"Sundays we went to church. There were gatherings of different kinds during vacations and holidays. The Christmas holidays lasted a week or more. No work was done during the two weeks of Christmas. We would visit relatives and friends to have gay talks and big feasts.

"Mid-Summer Day, a big event, came on June 24. It was an outdoors celebration, somewhat similar to the May Day picnics here in America. On Mid-Summer Day in Sweden big crowds would gather for games and folk dances. These celebrations lasted through till morning. It was a big occasion for the farmers. At that time the world was beautiful with flowers and green stuff. The spring crops were all planted, growing fast under the warm suns.

"At a wedding we would sometimes celebrate for two or three days. We would talk, have big feasts and music. Births were celebrated, too. Sometimes the lucky parent would treat with cigars; sometimes he would pass the pipe around. The pipe used had a very long stem, probably a yard long. The smoke was cool and sweet.

"We came to America in 1869 for better opportunities. The voyage across was very rough. Everybody was seasick. In addition to eight of us children (three were born in America) several grown-ups, close friends, came over with my parents. We were two or three days in the North Sea, 11 days on the Atlantic. The name of the steamship company

W. D. Fore
2-23-37
Edit. Holland-2-23-37

Racial Minorities Survey
Swedish

was the Gunther Line. In New York we landed at Castle Garden. No quarantine then. We had to wait there three days for accommodations on an immigrant train, which consisted of different coaches from the regular passenger trains. When the train was ready we left New York for Chicago. From Chicago we went to Sycamore, Ill., and settled there.

"As soon as we got straightened around a bit, father went out to get labor work wherever he could find it. Next year he bought a small farm, 30 acres. We all moved on it.

"The public school at Sycamore was not handy. I only got as far as the fourth or fifth grade. The English language was very hard for us to learn. It was in Sycamore that I took out citizenship papers.

"Around Sycamore was lots of timber. We had to clear the land for crops. All winter long that first year we chopped down trees, hauled wood to town, cleared the land for crops. It was hard work. Father later bought additional land adjoining the original 30 acres. I stayed with him till I was 22 years old, then I went out and for four years worked as a hired man on different farms .

"Next, I rented a farm on my own and married Helen Olsen. Her father was Swen J. Olsen: her mother Mary (Augustasson) Olsen, both of De Kalb.

"Finally I bought a farm in Platt County, Nebraska, near Newmans Grove, where I farmed 17 years. In poor health, I left the farm and moved to Newmans Grove, lived there four years. In the fall of 1908 we moved to California."

W. D. Fore
2-23-37
Edit. Holland-2-23-37

60 4,
Racial Minorities Survey
Swedish

Jonas Carlson typifies the business man more than he does the farmer. His trim mustache, gold-rim glasses, neat gray business suit; quick, matter-of-fact way of getting down to business; his medium height and build, his general appearance--all sum up the business man. And he is a business man as well as a farmer, using these words in their narrow sense. From the time he began to speak the English language and began life as the head of a family, he has been active in church and school work, serving on committees, on boards, as a trustee, supervising the construction of school and church buildings.

But he has never considered work of this kind in the light of business, as it has been almost, if not entirely free of compensation in a money-making sense. Rather, it has been the application of that old Swedish philosophy--work, common sense, a good turn, religion. But to get the full meaning of his life, it is necessary to talk with him.

"Yes, " Jonas Carlson concluded, "I think I have done better in the United States than I would have done had I stayed in the old country. I'd like to go back on a visit, but only on a visit. I read some Swedish literature now and then."

The telephone rang again, luncheon was on the table, Mrs. Carlson was getting ready to say something.

"Here are two names. If you want to go call on these two Swedes, I recommend them," he said.

Jonas Carlson typifies the Swede more than he does the farmer. His trim mustache, gold-rim glasses, neat gray business suit; quick, matter-of-fact way of getting down to business; his medium height and build, his general appearance--all sum up the business man. And he is a business man as well as a farmer, using these words in their narrow sense. From the time he began to speak the English language and began life as the head of a family, he has been active in church and school work, serving on committees, on boards, as a trustee, supervising the construction of school and church buildings.

But he has never considered work of this kind in the light of business, as it has been almost, if not entirely free of compensation in a money-making sense. Rather, it has been the application of that old Swedish philosophy--work, common sense, a good turn, religion. But to get the full meaning of his life, it is necessary to talk with him.

"Yes," Jonas Carlson concluded, "I think I have done better in the United States than I would have done had I stayed in the old country. I'd like to go back on a visit, but only on a visit. I read some Swedish literature now and then."

The telephone rang again, lunch was on the table,

Mrs. Carlson was getting ready to say something.

"Here are two names. If you want to go call on these

two Swedes, I recommend them," he said.

